

# A YANKEE BOY'S SUCCESS

BY H·S·MORRISON





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"YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU WOULD SUCCEED, HE SAID."

—Page 33.

# A YANKEE BOY'S SUCCESS

BY  
HARRY STEELE MORRISON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

*Illustrated by*  
GEORGE T. TOBIN

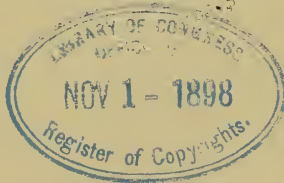


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## INTRODUCTION.

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WHILE working in my library one evening, I received a note stating that the Boy Reporter was in the reception-room and wished to see me.

The Political, Financial, Railway, Social and Syndicate Reporters are frequent visitors to my house and office, and hardly a day passes without a call from the Lady Reporter; but the Boy Reporter was a new sensation and I saw him at once. After he had told his story, I was surprised that so modest a youngster should have had such success. There was nothing loud or aggressive or audacious about him. He knew perfectly what he wanted, and he wasted no time in having it understood. He soon won my interest and sympathy. His confidence in himself and his success, and faith in your assistance, were singularly attractive. His adventures reverse the rules laid down in novels, and which send boys with pistols and scalping knives to the plains to fight Indians. It would not be safe for other boys to undertake what he accomplished. Not one in thousands could get very far without falling into the hands of the Charities' Commissioners,

the Society for the Protection of Children or the police.

I think his gentle confiding manner was helped by his flowing red hair. There are all sorts of red hair, from the Titian tint, which is the artist's envy, to the fighting brick-dust, but Morrison's red hair is an illumination, and you wonder what is underneath it. His success is due to the fact that he is neither an adventurer nor an impostor. He is transparently seeking knowledge of the world. No matter how valuable your time, you get the impression that you are helping a worthy and laudably ambitious youth in a career for which he has demonstrated marked talent.

He writes well and lucidly, but needs education and experience. He conveys a very good idea of the distinguished people who permitted him to interview them. He is, like all boys, an impressionist; the analytical faculty will develop later. His adventures are so clean, and for such well-defined purposes, that he presents a fine example of the possibilities for getting on which can be utilized by the American Boy.

His simple story is an object lesson; it teaches that with good character and habits, with industry and courage, the American Boy who is early thrown upon his own resources can rise by his own efforts and make a success in life.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

## PREFACE.

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I HAVE not tried to make this a book of literary excellence, with fine passages and flowery phrases. It was apparent that it would be useless for me to attempt it, and I decided to make it a plain, simple narrative, and send it out to stand upon its merits as the true story of the experiences of a sixteen-year-old Yankee boy in Europe.

I have often thought that I should have been very thankful if some such book as this had fallen into my hands a few years ago, a book that would have given me some idea of what I might hope to accomplish through perseverance and enterprise. I know that I should have had a great deal more confidence in my ability when I started for Europe, and might finally have achieved a much greater success through the knowledge of what other boys had accomplished under the same conditions. I had been called foolish and



over-ambitious, and was half-inclined to think I was. If any other boy had succeeded under such difficulties, I should have had greater faith in my ultimate success.

I do not mean to inspire other boys to make a twenty-five-dollar trip to Europe, but I do hope to encourage them to undertake other equally helpful things. There are many plans thought out in the fertile brains of boys and girls that are quite practicable, and would be of great advantage to them if carried out, but they generally decide that they never heard of any other boy or girl doing it, and for that reason think they would be sure to fail.

Although the narrative is very unlike the usual story of adventure, I hope that it may be interesting as a book of that kind, though the adventures really occurred. They are experiences that could only happen to a Yankee boy, and at the end of the nineteenth century.

At the suggestion of the publishers, the story is printed as it was first handed in to them, without any editing or pruning by a more experienced hand. An introduction has been written by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, and is inserted with a full appreciation of its

candid criticism. Being aware of all the circumstances of the trip, his opinion is an able and impartial one, and will doubtless be enjoyed by the readers of the book.

HARRY STEELE MORRISON.

New York City, August, 15, 1898.



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# A YANKEE BOY'S SUCCESS.

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## CHAPTER I.

IT is safe to say that not one of you has ever heard of the small city of Mattoon, in Illinois, a city of some ten thousand busy inhabitants, typically western, and full of push and energy. For it is only one of hundreds of such cities, and scarcely interesting to any one not born there. Indeed, it was not very interesting to me, and I was born there. I hadn't lived in the little city fourteen years until I began to be dissatisfied with my surroundings and anxious for greater fields, as I suppose all boys are at one time in their lives. To be sure I had always found plenty to do, what with making garden in the springtime and selling vegetables to the neighbors before schooltime, scrubbing the floor of the public library after school, and sometimes assisting the librarian in sending out the books. I think I was one of the most active boys in the town, and managed to keep myself in clothes and spending money from my earliest recollection.

I used to even speculate on a small scale. My vegetable trade grew so rapidly that I was unable to raise enough in my own garden to supply my customers, and I used to go to an old gardener on the edge of the town and buy an additional stock from him. I would pay him five cents for rhubarb or onions and sell them for fifteen cents, clearing at least two hundred per cent. in the operation.

In the winter, when I had no vegetables to sell to my customers, I sold them mince-meat and horse-radish instead, being assisted by mother in the manufacture of them, for though I was willing enough, it was quite beyond me to make any acceptable kind of mince-meat.

Gardening and janitoring the library soon grew monotonous, however, and little by little, as the weeks and months passed quickly by, I found myself looking forward to some indefinite future that I felt was soon to come. I had by this time entered the high-school, and was doing my best with Latin and geometry and the other terrors of boyhood but feeling all the time that I would ever so much rather be out in the world making my own living and seeing something. There are hundreds of boys who feel that very way, I know, but with me it soon ceased to be a feeling and rapidly became a determination. I decided that as soon as

school was out in the spring, I would take my small saving of fifteen dollars from the bank and go to Chicago, where I felt sure I could get work as an office-boy or "something." The determination grew stronger as the spring came round, until finally I looked upon it as an accepted fact that I was to go.

Naturally mother didn't want me to do it, but when she saw how much the venture meant to me, how ambitious I was to make the attempt, she withdrew her opposition and consented that I should try it, "for the summer vacation only." I didn't mind the condition attached, that I was to return in September, and fully expected to do so. The vacation seemed an age as I looked forward to it, and it would be a long time for me to spend in the great city.

So I went to Chicago, alone, and with but little money, and after a week of searching secured a place as office-boy in a real-estate office. My joy at my good fortune knew no bounds. I thought I saw before me the open way to great business success and wealth. I believed that if I did my very best I would be rapidly advanced to higher positions, and who could tell where I might finally stand.

I loved my work for several months, but, little by little, as at home, the thought grew in my mind that perhaps there wasn't much chance of advancement

after all, and that I had better look for something better. I saw clearly that I would probably have to be an office-boy for years to come, with hardly any increase of salary, and with no great opportunities for self-improvement.

Therefore a new ambition came to me. I was anxious to travel, to be somebody, to see things, and, lastly, to be a journalist. That had always been my chief ambition, but I hadn't seen a way open for me to enter that profession, for fifteen-year-old journalists are not often seen. But since I had been in Chicago, surrounded on every side by people who had conquered everything and achieved success, it seemed to me that there must be a way for me to be a journalist. I thought of it night after night as I lay in bed, and gradually it occurred to me that perhaps I might be a journalist and travel, too. And all at once, when I was sitting at my little table in the office one day, I said to myself, "I'll go to Europe, and send European letters to the papers. Men have done it, so why shouldn't a boy do it as well. I know I can write some, well enough, anyhow, and,—and I'll go." That was a rapturous moment for me. I felt instinctively that at last I had hit upon the very thing to do, and I was all eagerness to begin my plans. "Oh," I said to myself time and again that day, and the days following, too,

“what a thing it will be for me. I just *know* I can do it, and *I will*.”

As soon as I thought of the plan, I saw a way by which I thought I could carry it into execution. I had saved twenty-five dollars from my three dollars and a half a week wages, and that would be enough for me to start on, anyhow, and as I went along, I could add to it by writing for the papers. I could work my way to Buffalo on a lake steamer, and then perhaps I could afford to pay my way to New York City, or even walk, if necessary. Once in New York, I felt sure I would have no difficulty in securing a place as pantry-boy on a cattle-vessel, or to do something to earn my passage. When I arrived in London I could perhaps work somewhere at first for my room and board, and then I could write for American papers, and perhaps English ones, telling them of my adventures. I thought it would be very easy to write for the press and get my articles accepted, for I had never had any experience. The whole plan seemed perfectly feasible to me and easy of execution.

I told the men in the office about it that afternoon, and all but one laughed at me derisively. Mr. Kirk, however, who was fat and fatherly, was interested at once, and though he never said anything that I could take for encouragement, I felt that somehow he



thought I would succeed. So from that day on Mr. Kirk was my only confidant. He always listened to me, though he never helped me along any. No doubt he felt that it was too important a thing to be encouraged without thought. Every one else I mentioned it to only laughed and joked about it, so finally I determined to keep my plans to myself. If none would encourage me, why, I said, I didn't need their encouragement, and I went bravely about making what few plans were necessary for my departure.

First of all I visited the editors of the various Chicago newspapers. I knew that it was important for me to make a connection with some paper before leaving, for then I would have a little something to depend upon. I was bright and hopeful before I made the round of the editorial rooms for the first time, but when I came out I felt something like a wet kitten looks. The editors, of course, had received me courteously and asked me to be seated. Then they all looked at me curiously and asked me how old I was. When I said that I would soon be sixteen they smiled, and carelessly asked me what I wanted. They every one treated me the same, with one exception, so in describing one interview I am describing all. When I told them that I expected to leave for Europe in a week or two, and intended to interview Mr. Glad-

stone, take in the Queen's Jubilee and see the Queen herself, they invariably straightened themselves up in their chairs and took a renewed interest in me. Evidently they thought me a curio, anyhow. Then they would listen to my plans for making the trip and carefully assure me that I would certainly not be able to carry them out, and that they were afraid I wouldn't see London this year. They tried to discourage me in every imaginable way, and I think they really felt that I was foolhardy and likely to come to grief.

When I broached the subject of articles, they only said that if I did succeed in reaching the other side they would be glad to read anything I might care to send in, but they couldn't promise to take any of the articles. And then I would get up and go out, feeling discouraged in spite of myself, but not the less determined to go.

Mr. Kohlsaatt, of the "Times-Herald," was much more kind than any of the others, but even he didn't think I would succeed. He agreed, however, to print any articles I would send him, and with that promise I was obliged to content myself. So I didn't get much encouragement from Chicago editors and had little to depend upon when I finally took my departure.

Up to this time I hadn't written a word of my plans to the folks at home, and I began to wonder what they would think of the project. I felt in my heart that mother wouldn't want me to go under any consideration, and I was almost afraid to write and ask her about it. At last, though, I wrote, for I knew it couldn't be put off forever. And when I sat down to write the letter, I couldn't decide how to begin it, so finally I simply put in large letters at the top of the sheet—

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

DEAR MOTHER:

I expect to go to Europe in a week or ten days—

and then I went on and told them something of my plans, as much as I knew myself, and that wasn't much. I begged mother not to say I couldn't go, for I felt that I just must do it, and I couldn't be office-boy any longer. "It would just kill me," I said. And I sealed the letter and posted it, and awaited the answer with fear and trembling.

It came the next day but one, and it was evident that mother had lost no time in replying. I tore open the envelope, and then almost cried from vexation, for all my appeals had been in vain. She wrote

that if I said another thing about such a wild-goose chase she would send an officer up to bring me home, for she wouldn't think of letting me do such a thing. The letter was a long one, and there was no mistaking its meaning. Every page simply bristled with objections, and when I sat down to try and answer all the arguments set forth, I had a hard task before me.

But I was no less determined to win her consent, and every day after that for a week I wrote home twenty-five page letters, setting forth all the reasons I could possibly invent why I should go. And I did as much as I could to ridicule some of her objections, but I know I failed dismally in a few cases. I had to confess that it did seem to be a foolish thing to do, but I still felt that I could carry it through, and used all my ability as a writer to convince mother of that fact.

At last my persistence seemed to have some effect, and one day she wrote that since I was so persevering in wanting to go I would surely succeed when I did go, so I might as well do it if I pleased.

I think I have never received a letter that made me more happy, and a few days after my sister came up from home to say good-bye. She wanted to persuade me from going if possible, but if not, why, she would encourage me all she could. I told her before she had

been with me an hour that it would be useless to try the first plan, and she didn't try to keep me from going after that. And when she returned to Mattoon she must have reassured mother, for her letters took on a more cheerful tone after that.

Since I had mother's consent, and there was nothing further that I could do with any of the editors, there seemed nothing to defer my departure. And time, too, was beginning to be precious. If I wanted to be in London for the Queen's Jubilee I would have to hurry, and, of course, I would be obliged to spend some days in New York before sailing. In fact, I knew that I would have to allow myself a great deal of time for delays, for I wasn't making the trip by a time-table.

I resigned my position in the office a few days before leaving, and since by this time every one saw that I was determined to go, I received many good wishes and hopes for success. Good Mr. Kirk, moreover, didn't limit himself to mere good wishes, but insisted on buying me a new suit of clothes and a pair of shoes, for I needed them badly. His kindness helped me more than anything else to start out in good spirits.

A piece of great good fortune came to me when I was in the midst of looking for a chance to go to Buffalo on a steamer. It occurred to me all at once

that I might be able to secure a pass to New York if I asked for it, and I lost no time in visiting one of the city's leading men and making my request. He heard my story with great interest, and when I had finished he wrote me out a pass to Philadelphia. So on one of the most beautiful days in the latter part of May I left for the east by train, instead of by steamer, full of hope, ambition, and determination to succeed.

## CHAPTER II.

As the limited train sped east from Chicago and I sat very still, with my face pressed up against the window, a sudden thought entered my mind. And the more I considered it, the more pleased with it I was, until at last I decided that it was worth trying, anyhow. I took my ticket from my pocket, and upon examination found that it provided for a stop-over at Washington, and I determined to take advantage of it. I might never have another chance to see the capital city, and then, I said to myself, who knows but what I may be able to see the President, and even Mrs. McKinley. What a triumph that would be! It alone would make mother glad that she had allowed me to take the trip. So long before the train approached Washington, I had decided to make a great effort to see the President and Mrs. McKinley.

The journey to the Capital was a most interesting one to me. The mountain scenery of Pennsylvania and Maryland was a new world to me, and I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful. I couldn't be-



lieve that I would find the Alps any more beautiful than this, for I thought such a thing impossible. Everything was new and wonderful, and everything was interesting.

I had not ridden long before I made the acquaintance of a man in the seat behind and was soon telling him all about my plans and what I expected to accomplish while I was gone. He took a most active interest in me after that, and soon the whole car knew where I was going and what I was going to do. After that I didn't lack for company, for every one was curious to know what kind of a boy I was, anyhow, and to learn something of my history. So for many hours I held a veritable "levee" in the car and found myself quite the lion of the hour.

When the train pulled into Washington I gathered up my band-box, which contained everything I had brought along, and left my new acquaintances. They wished me all the success imaginable and I left them in good spirits, resolved to see the President if it took me days to do it. Every one looked askance at my band-box, but I didn't care at all, because I couldn't afford a portmanteau, and the box had seemed the next best thing. I had already learned that it was best to put up with what I could afford and pay no attention to criticisms.

The first thing I did in Washington was to look for a place to stop over night, and I was fortunate in finding a cheap but comfortable boarding-house where the landlady agreed to keep me for a small sum. She said I would have to sleep on a hard couch in the parlor, but I wasn't going to object to that when I had started out ready and willing to sleep on the ground, if necessary. So I left my band-box at this place and started out to see the city. I had explained to the landlady that I was on my way to Europe and that I had twenty-five dollars in my pocket, and she looked at me much as small children look at the animals in the menagerie, but she was good and kind, and I didn't object to her curiosity.

I went at once to the Capitol and enquired for the senators from Illinois. I had met Senator Cullom before and had corresponded some with the other, who had given me a letter of reference before I left Chicago. They were both glad to see me started on my trip and gave me a warm welcome to the Capitol, showing their interest in my adventures in many pleasant ways. They were, of course, rather doubtful about the success of the trip, but I turned their discouraging remarks aside and told them that I would come and see them both upon my return, just to show them that I had succeeded, in spite of all their

wise remarks to the contrary. They laughed heartily at this, and doubtless expected to hear from me next at Chicago, back where I had started from.

From the Capitol I decided to go to the White House, for I thought I might as well try to see the President at once and have it over with. It wasn't an entirely pleasant thing to look forward to, for I knew I would have a great many things to overcome before I would be admitted. So it was natural that I should want to have it over with as soon as possible. I went out Pennsylvania Avenue until I came to the Mansion, and then I stopped and actually hesitated about entering. The fact that Jackson and Lincoln and so many others of my boyhood heroes had lived there made it seem almost sacred ground and deterred me from entering. But I reflected that though I might be a little in awe of Lincoln, were I to see him, I wasn't in the least afraid of kind Mr. McKinley, whom I had seen before, at a distance.

I walked boldly up the broad steps and past the officers at the door. They stopped me, of course, since I was only a boy, and boys don't usually call on the President. But I had an answer ready for them, and told them that I was going to the secretary's office, at which I was allowed to pass. In fact, I hadn't any idea where Mr. Porter's office was, but knew that

I would be more likely to get by if I assured them that I wasn't after the President. I had no trouble in finding the secretary's office, and when I entered it I encountered another august official, pompous and severe in manner. He was a colored gentleman, very much colored, and as broad as he was tall. He placed himself squarely in my path as I walked in and asked me in no uncertain tones as to what I was after. I foresaw trouble and, assuming a very dignified manner, I informed him that I wanted to see the secretary and see him I would. I also told him that it wouldn't be any use for him to oppose me, for it was important, and I couldn't possibly leave without having seen Mr. Porter.

He looked at me with a ludicrous expression on his face, and he was apparently trying to decide what course to pursue. "Don' you know that this here ain't no time ter see Mas'r Porter, child?" he said.

"I don't know," I said; "I think I'll wait here until he comes out, anyhow, and then we'll see whether this is the time or not." And with that I took a seat, and the doorkeeper, who has been there for many administrations, retired to his place by the door. But he watched me furtively as long as I was there and was puzzled as to what he ought to do. He had probably had few young westerners to deal with and didn't know how to handle them.

The room in which I was seated was a large one, and every chair almost was filled with people who, like myself, wanted to see Mr. McKinley. Most of them were office-seekers, men and women who had come from every part of the country to beg an office from the President. Few of them ever succeed in seeing the President, much less get an office, and they sit there day after day, looking decidedly pathetic and pitiable.

I hadn't been seated long before Mr. Porter came out from his office to speak to some one. I knew him at once from his published pictures, and when he had finished with the person he came to see, I went boldly up to him and stated my desire. I told him as much as I could about my plans, and he appeared interested at once. "Just sit down here until after four o'clock, and then I'll see if you can't see him," he said, and I was happy at once. My prospects for seeing the President were very good indeed, I thought.

When four o'clock came, every one was told that the President's office was closed for the day, and they would have to come again the next day. The office-seekers, who had failed once more, arose and filed out of the room, and I was soon the only one left.

Then Mr. Porter came out of his office and asked me to follow him. "I guess the President will see

you now," he said, in his pleasant way, "and he is more likely to talk now than he would be in the busy part of the day." I followed him through several rooms, a little nervous, and feeling that one of the most important events of my life was about to take place. We went through room after room and arrived at the private office. It was a handsome room, not very richly furnished but dignified, and such a room as one would expect the President to have. I felt my heart in my throat as we entered, but my excitement was without reason, for Mr. McKinley wasn't there. I was wildly disappointed as I realized that perhaps I wasn't to see him after all, but Mr. Porter reassured me. "Never mind," he said, "we won't stop now. I suppose he's in the sitting-room. Come along."

So then we went through some more rooms and reached the private apartments of the Mansion. We seated ourselves, and Mr. Porter ascertained that the President was changing his coat and would be out in a moment. While we were sitting there Mrs. McKinley entered the room, and I was thus given the unexpected pleasure of an introduction to her. She looked very sweet in a light blue wrapper, and I thought I had never seen any one so perfectly delightful. Her personality was wonderfully attractive, and I couldn't

have been better pleased with any one. The President soon emerged from his room and I was presented. Mr. Porter told him what I had started out to do, and he took a real interest in the plan and encouraged me very much. "You look as though you would succeed," he said; "your red hair would make you do it if nothing else, and I feel sure you'll get along all right. Keep your wits about you and don't get into bad company, and you'll succeed."

That and much more did he say, and I was in raptures over such words of encouragement from such a man. He seemed to me then the very ideal of everything that was to be desired in a man—handsome, honest and genial, with character looking out from the windows of his mind. He impressed me more than I could ever say, and I never had such a love for my country as at that moment. I could almost imagine what Washington and Jefferson looked like, and decided that all our Presidents must be wonderful men.

When I arose to take my departure, after more words of encouragement from Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, I thanked them from the depths of my heart for their great goodness to me, but they said they wished that there was more that they could do. Then I shook hands with them and with Mr. Porter and hurried out of the Mansion and down the steps. I simply walked on air as I walked away between the rows of



fine old trees, and decided that I had never met any one quite so nice before. "If I am only as successful in all my efforts as I have been this afternoon," I said, "I need have no doubts about my ultimate success," and I hurried away to the boarding-house to tell the kind landlady about my success. It was too good to keep to myself.

I remained in Washington over night, and early the next morning I left for Philadelphia, where I had planned to spend a few hours in sight-seeing. I wanted to see everything possible on my way and not miss a single thing. Had I known what a time I was to have in the "Quaker City," I think I would have gone on through to New York. But I couldn't tell, of course, what was likely to happen, and it was just as well, as I found time and again before my pilgrimage was over.

When I arrived in the city I went at once to Independence Hall, only to find that it was "closed for repairs." I couldn't imagine why they should repair such a valuable relic, but had to go away without seeing it. I then went down to the river, hoping to find a boat that I could take to New York, for my pass couldn't be used for the rest of the journey. It was to my interest to save every possible cent, and I hoped that the fare by water would be cheaper than by rail. I went along the docks to a steamer that



was to sail for New York and asked the captain to allow me to go with him. He said that they didn't carry any passengers. "But can't you take just me," I pleaded, "I won't take up much room." "I should say not, and get out of here now or I'll kick you out," and the brute gave me a push to emphasize his remarks. I was almost wild with anger, but what could I do? Then for the first time I felt just a little homesick and almost wished that I hadn't started. I soon felt better, though, and resolved to pay no attention, since I must expect such treatment from some people.

I went back into the business part of the city and tried to get into the government Mint, that I might see them making money out of bullion. It was too early, however, to get in there, and I determined to take a train at once for New York. I felt disgusted with everything in the city and wanted to get out as quickly as I could. I went down to the ferry and took the first train out of the city, reducing my slender sum of money by two dollars and a half to pay my fare.

The train sped on across New Jersey, and just as the twilight was beginning to deepen into night I saw the towers and spires of New York loom up in the distance, and a fear that all might not turn out as I had hoped crept into my heart, for it is a terrible thing to land in a great city alone and at night, particularly when you are only sixteen years old.

### CHAPTER III.

AFTER searching for some time that Friday night, my first night in New York, I succeeded in finding a very cheap hotel. I engaged a room there and, tired with the day's adventures, went to bed to dream of wonderful things to happen on the morrow. It was a lonesome time for me. I didn't know a single person in all the great metropolis, and everything had seemed so strange, so terribly strange, as I walked about looking for a place to sleep. I had supposed that New York would be very much like Chicago, but it was as different as it could be, and I could not feel at home.

The next day was Saturday, and I was awakened early in the morning by the traffic in the street without. I arose and hastily washed myself, and then went out to get some breakfast. Outside the door of the hotel I stopped a moment. I thought to myself that I was in a strange position. Here I was, all safe in New York, but what would I do next, what should I do? I decided that some breakfast should be my first thought, and I went out into Broadway and bought some coffee and rolls.

It was too early to visit any of the vessels in the harbor and ask for work, so I walked down the street to the Battery and sat for some time watching the innumerable boats steaming here and there in the harbor. It was a sight that I had never seen before, and it made me more anxious than ever to go to Europe, to see so many vessels of all nations in the harbor. It had a fascination for me, and I sat there for hours, without noticing the passage of the time.

Finally I arose and went up Broadway, wandering aimlessly along, with scarcely any object in view, and wondering what I had better do next. I was truly worried, and was beginning to appreciate the magnitude of my undertaking. I wasn't sorry at all that I had started but felt that I had set out on a very uncertain pilgrimage, uncertain in its ending and uncertain in its profits and advantages.

As I walked along the street I looked up and saw before me City Hall Park, with the great "World" building lifting its dome high in the air. And when I saw it, I remembered that I had been advised to see the editor of that paper, and I lost no time in crossing the park and entering the editorial offices. A small boy was at the door and told me that I couldn't possibly see the evening editor, as he was too busy. "I must see him," I said, quietly, and walked right into the

office. I enquired for the editor, and he was pointed out to me. I went up to his desk and took a chair at his side. "I am going to Europe in a few days," I said, "and I hoped that I could send you some articles from there while I am gone. I am going to interview Mr. Gladstone and the Queen and I don't know how many other people while I'm gone."

The editor looked at me. "Is that so?" he said, and I could see that he was interested. "Yes, I'm going," I replied. The editor called a reporter and told him to "write me up." "Get his story," he said, "he's a good one." Then he called one of the artists and asked him to sketch me. It was now my turn to be surprised, and I looked about me in a scared sort of a way and wondered what all this meant. The reporter, whom I liked from the first, reassured me. "We're going to give you two columns on the front page, and it will be a great help to you." I then began to understand and was soon telling my interviewer all about myself, while he looked at me curiously. "Can you write as well as you can talk?" he said, finally, and when I told him that I had always thought I could write better, he said that I had better write my own story then. "Me write it?" I asked. "Why, yes," said the reporter, "why not?" I accepted things as they came and sat down at a table

with pencil and paper. In half an hour I had written the required article, and in the meantime the artist had made a sketch of me, so that now I thought I was done.

The editor, however, thought differently. "Go across the street," he said, "and see Mayor Strong. Tell him that you're going to London and ask him to give you a letter to the Lord Mayor there. Hurry back and have a story ready in a few minutes."

I did as I was bid. Hurrying across the street to the City Hall, I had no difficulty in entering the office of the Mayor. I waited until he was disengaged and then went up to him. "I am going to Europe, Mr. Strong, and am without anything to depend upon, and am going alone. It would help me very much indeed if you will give me a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, who could help me in many ways over there."

The Mayor looked at me. "No," he said, "I won't give you any letter, because I don't believe in them. I came to New York without a cent, and with no letters either, and look at me."

I looked at him. "If you, sir, have been through such experiences yourself, I should think that you would be more obliging to other boys who are obliged to depend on their own efforts for a living."

And with that I walked out of the office, and the last I saw of the Mayor he was sitting in his chair looking at me with open mouth and eyes.

I returned to the "World" office and wrote out the result of my visit. I told how the Mayor had received me coldly, declining to give me a letter, and how I had told him my opinion of his action. When I turned it in to the editor he was very much pleased with it, and gave orders to put it in the next edition.

As I was crossing the street a few moments afterward, I heard the newsboys crying "Extra World," and as I glanced at the papers in their hands I thought I saw my name on the front page. I snatched at one and handed the boy a nickel, becoming lavish in my haste. And there, sure enough, was my name, and two entire columns relating the story of my trip this far. There was also my picture, with Mr. Gladstone beside me, and I could hardly believe my eyes. "Surely I must be dreaming," I said, for I had never imagined that I would be given such a flattering reception. I read the article through time and again, for it was my very first newspaper effort, and I was more proud than I can tell.

That night I mailed copies of it to all my friends and to the folks at home, and later learned that they were quite as proud as I, and mother even said that

she was glad I had gone. On the whole, it was quite the happiest day I ever experienced, and I was rapturously happy. I didn't think of the morrow, finding enough to fill my mind in the happy present.

My article appeared in every edition of the afternoon paper, and there are five. It did me good to see people reading it as they went home in the cars, and I felt myself to be a small-sized hero. I felt almost like crying out to them that I was there, near them, for I supposed they would want to see me. It is a good thing for us that such moments of great happiness don't last long or we would do many strange things.

As soon as I had written my second story I left the newspaper office, after the editor had told me to go to Coney Island on Sunday and see what I thought of it. He told me to be sure and have it in on Monday, when he would have something else for me to do.

I filled the rest of my time on Saturday with sight-seeing, and on Sunday I visited Coney Island. I had never seen such a place before and was wonderfully impressed with the noise, the crowds, and varied attractions. When I went back to my room at night I wrote a story about what I saw, and the editor was satisfied with it when I gave it to him on Monday. He said I had great descriptive powers, and I was happy again.



Early on Monday morning, when I went again to the newspaper office, I was told to go and interview Russell Sage. I looked at the editor in astonishment when he said it but decided that I had better not say anything. In truth, I would rather he told me to interview any other man in New York than Mr. Sage, for I had heard so many stories about his meanness, stingy character, and general ill-humor. I didn't know how to go at it, either, for I knew he wouldn't see any one at his office if he could avoid it. And I knew he disliked still more to see any one at his house, so, after deliberation, I decided to see him at his office if I could.

I had no trouble in finding his office. It is not the one you would expect him to have, for it is located in one of the finest new office-buildings in the city, and is fitted up with everything necessary to an office. In some things, though, it is very different from other offices, as I soon found when I entered.

When I opened the door of the outer room I found myself in a small, cage-like enclosure, with two doors opening from it, and two tiny windows. All the doors and windows were tightly sealed, and no one seemed to be near. I didn't know what to make of such an arrangement and was about to go away, when I saw one of the doors open and an old gentleman walk out.



I knew in a minute that this was Mr. Sage, and in a moment I resolved to stop him in the hall, and then I would have no further difficulty about seeing him. So, as he went back into the office again after something, I hurried out and placed myself where he would have to pass, and when he came I went boldly up to him. He stopped and looked at me kindly, and when I asked him to see me when I came the next morning he said he would. He was very kind in every way, and I was delighted with my success in getting an audience.

It was fortunate for me that he came out when he did, for when Russell Sage once gets behind those doors and windows, no one gets to him. Since his exciting experience with a dynamite bomb a few years ago, he takes care that no unknown person gets near him in his office.

I placed myself in the little cage very early the next morning, for though Mr. Sage had promised to see me, I was afraid that after he was in his office he might change his mind. Therefore I went early, that I might speak to him as he entered. He wasn't long in coming, being an early riser, and of course he couldn't do anything but take me in with him. So at last I was inside, and as Mr. Sage opened his mail and read the day's quotations from the ticker, I talked to him about

my future, and asked him for advice regarding it. I asked him what he thought was the one great secret of getting rich, for the editor wanted me to get his opinions on such things. "You must save," he answered, "you must save, save, save, and as you gradually get a little money to invest, you must do so, for it's no use to have it idle." And he went on to impress it upon me, that whatever else I did, I must save my money or I'd never be rich, and he was so forceful in his remarks that I was much impressed.

I finally went away very much pleased with him, and firmly convinced that most of the newspaper stories printed about his stingy nature are untrue. Mr. Sage is economical, of course; that is the secret of his success, but economy isn't a sin.

My interview with Mr. Sage, which was published the next day, practically closed my work on the paper during my stay in New York. I was too busy during the last days to write any, so I wrote a farewell letter, which was printed on the day I sailed, and that was the last.

My last week was a weary time for me. Day after day I visited every vessel I could see along the wharves, hoping each time that I would be given a chance to earn my passage across the ocean. For though I had made a little money in New York, I had

also spent some, and was but little better off than on my arrival. So if I wanted to go to Europe there was nothing for me to do but work my way. I might have bought a steerage ticket, of course, but that would have taken every cent I had, and I wanted a little left when I landed. Therefore I had to keep on trying, discouraged as I was, to get a place as pantry-boy, or anything at all. I told the stewards that I would scrub, or peel potatoes, or do just anything, if they would only let me go, but usually they only looked at me scornfully, swore at me, and told me to get out. I wasn't strong, but I was willing, and felt sure that I could make myself useful some way.

Day after day I failed in getting anything to do, and finally I grew almost despondent and was ready to do most anything. For the first time I wished I hadn't started out, for these disappointments day after day were more than I had looked forward to, and I felt that I couldn't stand the suspense any longer. So one morning I determined to engage a steerage passage and one of the great liners was to sail that very morning. I had no sooner made my decision than I picked up my band-box and rushed down to the pier, hoping that I would be in time. I ran all the way, and when I reached the pier, ready to fall from exhaustion, there was the great vessel out in mid-

stream and I was too late. I stood there stunned. Everything seemed against me, and after a while I went over and sat down on the pier, and for the first time in months I cried.

## CHAPTER IV.

IT was, after all, fortunate that I didn't succeed in boarding the great liner that Thursday morning, for the accident saved me at least my twenty-five dollars, and there's no telling how much more. For after I had sat there on the pier for an hour, and had become more reconciled to the condition of things, I determined to look again for a chance to work my way. There would be no other fast steamship for several days, and in order to be in London for the Jubilee I must get one of the slower vessels, of which there would be several sailing on Saturday morning.

As soon as I had determined to try once more I noticed in the next dock a handsome freight steamer, which I could see was to sail for London on the coming Saturday. I decided to call on the steward, hoping that perhaps he might treat me better than others had done and let me do something to earn my passage. I went up the gangway to the deck and found him there. I told him how much difficulty I had been having and how anxious I was to see the Diamond Jubilee. He looked at me a while, and then he

said that he didn't know but what I could make myself useful in some way, and that I could come back the next day, when he would know for sure whether he had a place for me. My joy at this knew no bounds. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart, for somehow I felt sure that I would get the place, and I imagined myself already safe in London.

On Friday I went again to see him, and he said that he would take me and that I must come on board that night, since the vessel was to sail early the next morning. I hurried away to my little room, packed my few things in my band-box and brought them down to the steamer, and that night I went aboard, stepping for the last time on American soil.

I was shown to my quarters for the trip by old "Butch," the watchman, and I found much to interest me in my surroundings. I was assigned to a small room, in which seven others beside me were to sleep, and I found that things were going to be rather crowded. There were eight little bunks about the walls of the room, one above another, and I chose one of the upper ones, hoping that it would be cooler than the others.

I had difficulty in finding a place for my band-box, small as it was, and was finally obliged to swing it by a string from the ceiling. When I undressed to spend

my first night in a steamer bunk, I had no place to put my clothes, and ended up by stuffing them under the straw tick. Then I tried to stretch myself out and go to sleep, but to my dismay the bunk was too short for me to lay at length in and too narrow for me to sleep in bear fashion. So, on the whole, I was very uncomfortable and passed a weary night.

Towards morning I succeeded in going to sleep but was rudely awakened by old "Butch," who yelled that it was high time for me to be up. "Don't be lazy, my lad," he said, and as I looked at my watch and saw that it was half past four o'clock, I thought that there was no danger of me being so, if I was to get up that early every morning. I managed to get out of the bunk without falling, and as there was no place to wash, I went up on deck just as I was, and that was pretty dirty. I found the steward waiting for me, ready to assign me my work, and I soon learned that I was to help in the pantry during the voyage, being chief dish-washer, for one thing. I wasn't sorry to hear this, because I thought that dish-washing would be simple, but when I went into the pantry and saw the dirty dishes piled up there, I saw it wasn't going to be so easy after all. But I rolled up my sleeves and began, and from that time on to the end of the voyage I washed dishes most of the time. From four in

the morning until nine o'clock at night the dishes kept pouring into the pantry, and to keep from getting entirely swamped I was obliged to wash and wash and wash. Dish-washing isn't particularly hard when you have but a few, but when it becomes an all-day job it's very different.

I don't think I ever saw so many dirty dishes as I washed that first day. I rolled up my sleeves and went at the work in earnest, but I no sooner had one pile cleared away than another would come in, and finally I became exasperated because I never seemed to get done. "When are these dishes ever going to stop coming in?" I ventured to ask "Pants," as the fat pantry-man was called. And for my impudence I had some more shoved at me, and I was wild with vexation. There was another boy in the pantry, who was much older than I, being twenty, anyhow. He usually did the wiping, while I washed. He was used to the work and didn't get tired, but I thought I would drop before that first day was over.

As soon as the evening dinner was over, and I had at last succeeded in getting every dish washed, I ran away down stairs to my little bunk, which was as welcome to me then as an eider-down couch would have been. I got a good scolding from "Pants" the next morning, but I didn't care. I had an idea that I





"I DON'T THINK I EVER SAW SO MANY DISHES."  
—Page 50.



needn't be so very particular about what I did now that we were away from land. "They can't take me back, anyhow," I said to myself. "Pants," though, soon convinced me that they could do something else, and gave me a good fright for my impudence in thinking such things. "You'll get put in chains and shoved down in the hold if you don't work right," he said, "and when we get you to land we'll put you in jail, and you'll not get anything to eat but bread and water." I trembled in my shoes and resolved then and there to do my best to be a good pantry-boy.

Sunday, the second day out, was a memorable day for me, because it was then that I first felt the horrible pains that come with sea-sickness. I was seized with horror when I first noticed them, for I had dreaded the terrible malady ever since I thought of undertaking the trip, and now that it had at last come, I didn't know what I would do. I told "Pants" what was coming, and he said it was all nonsense and that I was trying to get away from my work. Then I went and ate as many lemons as I could, hoping that they would keep it off, but they didn't do any good. It kept coming steadily on, worse and worse, until finally I gave one great gulp and ran out on the deck. It was raining and the boards were wet, but I laid myself right down, for I wasn't caring for anything. I didn't

go back to the pantry that night and passed a terrible time in my bunk, so that when I went up the next morning I was pale and as ill as I could be. "Pants" gave me a cool reception and said that I had better stay below, since I wasn't much use in the pantry, anyhow. But I went on with my work until afternoon, when I again had to lie down.

All day Monday and on Tuesday also I was very ill, and some of the time it was quite impossible for me to work. "Pants" kept sending the other pantry-boy after me to tell me to come up to the pantry but I couldn't do it. I knew that "Pants" would be angry with me, but it was impossible for me to remain in the hot, stuffy pantry all the time.

On Wednesday I was myself again but I was never again in favor with "Pants." Indeed, I seemed to be in trouble all the time, and it was evident to me that I wasn't born for a pantry-boy, whatever I might become in time. I tried conscientiously to do things as they should be done, but somehow I just *would* break dishes, and the coffee *wouldn't* be good, though I made it precisely as I was told to do. The coffee, in fact, was the source of most of my tribulations. It was my duty each morning to make it, and I did it as well as I could. I know I followed the directions "Pants" gave me, but it was most always too cold, or there were

grounds in it, or it was too weak. I finally gave up trying to improve it and bore my daily scolding as a matter of course. After my arrival in London, when I was talking with some of the passengers, one of the ladies remarked that she had never in her life tasted such terrible coffee as they had on the boat, and I said with great humility, "Yes, I made it." The mystery was explained. "No wonder it was bad," they said.

Another of my duties was to keep the hot-water tank filled, and though I put water in it every time I could remember to do so, it always seemed to be empty. And every time it was empty "Pants" reminded me of it with great emphasis. Indeed, I never seemed to do anything to suit old "Pants," who was continually finding fault with everybody and everything. It really seemed to be his chief delight to scold me.

I also had charge of the keys to the cold-storage room, where I was sent a hundred times a day for something. And those keys were another source of misery to me, because they were the hardest things imaginable to keep track of. The stewards used to take them from the nail where they were kept and not return them to the same place, and then when "Pants" happened to want them and they weren't there I was to blame, of course. One day, when the

voyage was about half over, my troubles with the keys reached a climax. In the midst of dinner, when everything was rush and bustle, I was sent to the cold-storage room for some milk. I opened the door and went in, laying the keys on a shelf. And then, when I had filled my bucket, I went out and sprung the lock, with the keys still inside. It was some moments before I realized what I had done, and then I was dumb with horror. No one can imagine my feelings, for having been in a continual state of terror of "Pants" I thought that he would simply murder me for this. How I longed to get away from the ship, but that was impossible.

I at last decided to go to the chief steward, who had given me the place, and to my great joy he reassured me. "It's all right," he said, "we can break the lock." And break the lock they did, and "Pants" never heard anything of it.

The ship's sculleryman made things uncomfortable for me very often. He was a half-witted fellow, of massive build, and with the strength of an ox. He took a violent dislike to me from the first, though I didn't do or say anything that could have offended him. He seemed to gloat over me as a tiger over its prey, and said time and again that he was only waiting for a chance to kill me. I was terrified beyond descrip-



tion at such threats from such a man, but the stewards said for me not to mind him, as he was harmless. But as the days passed by, and he grew more and more vicious, I became afraid that he might do me some harm, for he slept in the same room with me. I went to the chief steward and complained about him, and he said that he would have him attended to. But he continued his threats, and I was always in a state of terror at night and couldn't sleep. I asked to be allowed to sleep in another room but was told that there was no other place for me.

Finally the affair reached a climax one night. I was sitting quietly on the after deck, thinking of home and my future. Just around the corner from me were several of the stewards, who were enjoying the cool evening breeze after their hard day's work. It was moonlight, and as I turned my head I saw standing over me the brutal sculleryman, looking down at me with a grin on his face. He saw me look up and made a step forward. "I've got you now, and I'll fix you, too," he growled, as he came another step nearer. I understood his intention in a moment. He was going to throw me overboard, and as he came at me I gave one scream that brought the stewards to my side in a moment, and the beast was scared off. I was weak from fright and came near fainting. The

incident was reported to the steward, and the idiot was carefully watched during the remainder of the voyage, while I was allowed to sleep on deck.

Such were a few of the things that made the voyage an eventful one. Of pleasures I had few, finding my chief delight in listening to the cattle-men's yarns on the deck at night. These men, who were earning their passages by tending the cattle, had traveled the world over, and seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of good stories and tales of adventure. They were very good to me, and I became good friends with them. We used to sing every night on the after deck, popular songs on week-days and hymns on Sunday, and our concerts were not bad, either.

I finally came to feel much at home on the boat. I wasn't sea-sick after the first experience, and after a while my dish-washing became machine work and I was used to it. "Pants" at last ignored me entirely, for which I was thankful, for anything was better than one continual scolding. I longed, of course, to arrive in London, though I had but little there to look forward to.

At last, on the eleventh day out from New York, the good ship entered the English Channel and proceeded up to London. During these last two days I was in ecstasy, for I was soon to put foot on Europe for the first time.



## CHAPTER V.

IT was on June 18th that our good ship anchored in the muddy Thames off London town. The famous river was full of boats of all shapes and sizes, and the scene was new and wonderful to me. Little tugs, puffing and blowing, hurried up and down the stream, great heavy barges floated lazily with the current, steamers carefully picked their way among the smaller craft and out to sea, and the wharves were lined with sailing vessels which were waiting for a breeze to come up that they too might seek the open sea. The river was not a beautiful one at all, and not as large as I had expected it would be, but it was interesting and romantic.

The vessel had anchored in the river to allow the health and customs officers to come aboard, and they were some time in doing so. After they had finished, the passengers were to be landed, and then we were to go down the river again to Deptford, where the cattle would be unloaded. The crew wouldn't be allowed to leave until night, and, as I was counted in their number, I was afraid that I, too, would have to remain all

day with the great city before me, and me longing to be in it. There was another reason why I wanted to disembark in the morning, too, and that was my desire to avoid the idiot sculleryman. I had heard some grewsome tales of the London docks, and decided that I would rather not be there alone with him.

I sought the steward and told him my desire, and he wouldn't listen to anything of the kind. I then went to the first officer, who was English and very English. He looked at me with a frown. "You American boys think you can do about as you please, don't you?" he growled. "Well, this is once that you won't. You'll stay on here till we get ready to let you off, do you hear? Now get out of here and don't let me hear any more o' this nonsense."

I lost no time in accepting his invitation for me to get out and hurriedly sought my cattlemen friends down in the lower deck. "What do you think," I said, "they're going to make me stay on here all day, and I think it's uncalled for. And I'm afraid of that idiot, too." The cattlemen rose to the occasion.

"Are they, indeed?" said one of them, "we'll see about that," and they all put their heads together to devise a way to outwit the first officer, for they shared my dislike for him. Finally they arrived at a decision. "Have you got a shilling?" one of them asked me.

"No," I said, "but will a quarter do?" "It's all the same," they said; "now we'll tell you what to do. You see that rowboat there near the bank?" "Yes," I said. "Well, we'll get that man to come over here with it, and we'll hang the rope ladder over the side of the ship, up near the prow, and you can climb over and get in the boat. Once you're in the boat and pulling away you're all right, because they're not going after you."

I was a little shocked at the boldness of the thing and suggested that perhaps that would be a wrong action to take, but they only scoffed at the idea. "Why, they'd keep you on here a week if they could," said one of them, "and I don't blame you for being afraid of that idiot. He's liable to do 'most anything to you." So I decided to run away and told them to get the rowboat over. I had my band-box ready at the ship's side, and I went and told the steward, who had been so good to me, what I was going to do. He laughed and cautioned me to be careful. "Don't let them see you," he said, "or they will make it hot for you." I told him good-bye and thanked him for his kindness.

The boat was at the ship's side, the ladder was in place, and the cattlemen were there ready to pull it up after me. The coast seemed all clear, so I shook hands with them all, threw my box into the boat, and

followed as quickly as I could. I reached the boat without accident, and the man pulled rapidly toward the shore. As I looked back I saw the stewards gesticulating wildly, and I knew that my escapade had been discovered. Soon the first officer appeared at the rail, and I could see that he was simply wild with rage. The Yankee boy had escaped after all.

In a few minutes the boat reached the bank and I jumped out, wild with joy. "In Europe at last," I cried, "I'm so glad, so glad!" The man looked at me in amazement, but I couldn't expect him to appreciate my feelings, since he didn't know what I had been through to get to London.

I stood on the dock and looked about me. There on my right hand was the famous old Tower of London, grim and terrible, but just as I had expected to find it. Before me, and only two or three squares away, was old St. Paul's, with its great dome rising above everything around. It was all so grand and so inspiring that I could have shouted in the fullness of my enthusiasm. Everything was fully up to my expectations so far.

I sat down on a box and tried to figure out just how I stood. I found that I had nearly all of the twenty-five dollars with which I left Chicago, so that thus far my trip had paid for itself. I must now get a place to

work for my room and board, for I had a long journey still before me and nothing but my twenty-five dollars to depend upon. I might get some money from American newspapers but again I might not. It was best not to depend on it, anyhow.

I left my seat and walked up to great St. Paul's and stood looking at the magnificent structure for some minutes. Then, realizing that I had no time for sight-seeing yet, I called a newsboy and bought a "Westminster Gazette," for I wanted to see if any one was advertising for a boy. I had changed my money into English currency, so I had no difficulty in buying it. I opened the paper, and after looking it over several times succeeded in finding the "ad" columns. I looked down them with an eagerness that made me oblivious to my surroundings, so much so that I was barely saved from being run over by a cab. I wasn't yet used to London traffic.

I had searched for some moments before I found anything suitable, and then, just as I was about discouraged, I saw that, "A boy is wanted at No. 7 Fetter Lane, E. C., to work for his room and board in a pleasant inn."

"Oh, how fortunate," I said to myself, and then, asking an officer which way to go, I hurried off to the given address, for I was afraid some London lad might

get there ahead of me. But no, I was the first one to apply, and when I told a kind old lady in a white cap my history, she said I might bring in my box and she would look no further for a boy. She said she liked my looks and thought I was pretty brave. I was too happy for utterance that I had succeeded so soon in finding a place to stay and brought in my box at once.

The old inn was one of the quaintest places imaginable, a solitary relic of some bygone age, for it was very old indeed, almost ready to fall down. It was situated in the oldest part of London and surrounded on every side by narrow, dark streets and buildings that were almost as old as it was. It was just such a house as I had expected to find all over London but which I didn't find in very great numbers. The hand of progress has been laid too heavily on the city for many such relics to survive.

The landlady was kind indeed to me. My work was easy. She only asked me to help with the fires in the morning, trim the candles, scrub sometimes, and sweep the floors. It was pleasant work, and while I was doing it I used to imagine that I was some boy of the time of Washington. The idea, I thought, of me being in this old English inn, trimming candles and making fires in great fire-places. I tell you it was decidedly romantic.

I had the whole day to myself and could do just what I pleased, in the afternoons, anyhow. You can guess what I did. I walked from early morn till late at night through those narrow, dark old streets, peeking in at the many-paned windows of some old princely dwelling and exploring every little court that I came across. That was very little that I didn't see in that most interesting quarter of London.

My first impressions of the British were perhaps unique. I opened my mouth in perfect amazement when I first saw the English girls. They were so very different from American girls, and so different from what I had expected to see. They all impressed me as being tall and "willowy," as the English say. They were all rather pale, save for a spot of red (natural, I hope) which appeared on either cheek. Their hair reminded me of that seen on most wax dolls. They invariably made it stand out behind as far as possible, and in front they frizzed it in the fashion that went out here a decade ago. Their clothes never seemed to fit them and were generally far from being fashionable. Altogether, I could never make myself believe that the English girl was any extraordinary creation, though various Britons tried their best to convince me of that fact.

I liked English men better. Their clothing particu-



larly caught my eye. It invariably fitted them, and they always looked neat and clean, and as I have never learned the secret of making that delightful appearance, I was immediately impressed with them. They were all very much alike, however, and decidedly uninteresting as a whole. English boys were still more uninteresting, if such a thing were possible. They have not the saving grace of wearing nice clothes, and for some time I always laughed when I met one of them on the street. The fashions for boys' clothing must have originated somewhere in the sixteenth century ; they seemed outrageous to me. The poor boys' trousers must needs be strapped tightly to their knees, and they very often wore the kind of black jackets most affected by the waiters in American restaurants. They also wore large white collars over these jackets, and altogether presented a comical appearance to my critical Yankee eye.

I was soon much interested in observing the modes of travel in London. There were no trolley cars, no cable cars, and no elevated railways. But they have what the good easy-going Londoners are pleased to call "trams." The name seems to express in its very sound the idea of slow-pokiness. They go along at a rate of about two miles an hour, and the people are quite contented to ride in them. They are ten times



worse than our horse-cars, to say nothing of our swift trolleys. But besides the trams there are omnibuses, or "buses" for short. And these are not so bad; in fact, they are very delightful to ride on. They go along "middlin" fast, and have seats on top, from which you are in danger of falling, and that danger is what makes the ride so delightful, for a risk is always attractive.

And then, in addition to the trams and buses, there was that famous underground railway. It was beyond description and a terrible thing to ride on. Running through a dark, dirty tunnel for its whole distance, the cars begrimed with dirt of every kind, the air enough to choke one, it was an ordeal for me to sit there for the few blocks I had to go. I never rode on the famous underground but once. It is well patronized, however, by the Londoners. It is their nearest thing to our elevated railroads, and they are obliged to use it if they want to go anywhere in a hurry.

I liked the English people from the first. It is true they appear cold and reserved at first, but I found that when I once became acquainted I had friends that could be depended upon. They are justly proud of their "English honor," though that doesn't extend to national affairs. They have no memory, for instance, of their defeats. I found that the majority of people

knew nothing about our revolutionary war, and the school children told me that in school their teachers scarcely mentioned it. I picked up one of their school histories one day, and this is what I read: "About this time there was some trouble with the colonies in America. They suddenly evinced a hatred for the mother country that was startling in its ferocity, but things were soon made quiet again by the fleet and army, which were both despatched to New York as soon as the trouble commenced."

I was immensely interested in this extract, too, referring to the war of 1812: "The young American Republic caused us some trouble in the year 1812. They persisted in asserting their supremacy upon the high seas, and we were compelled to subdue their ridiculous attempts in the manner they deserved." So England subdued us in 1812. This is news to most Americans, I'm sure.

But on the whole I found that our English cousins bore us no malice and were inclined to be very friendly. It was in the talk of the men who used to gather in our inn that I learned the most of the feeling towards us. I also learned that every Englishman hates Germany, for the simple reason that Germany is pushing ahead in the foreign trade. And in the conflict that every Englishman knows is sure to come,

they will look to us for help, for they have no ally in Europe. Every one recognized the gravity of the situation, and Germany was the general topic of conversation. And it was only two days till the Jubilee, too.

## CHAPTER VI.

OF course the one great event to which I had looked forward during the first days of my stay in London was the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. The great event which had occupied the attention of the entire civilized world was now only two days off, and I was consequently full of anticipations for a wonderful time. I had been reading about it so constantly for months beforehand that my expectations were very much exaggerated, and I really expected something beyond description, though I had no very definite ideals of what the celebration should be.

There were many evidences on the day of my arrival that the Jubilee was not far off. In St. Paul's churchyard, and the other public squares through which the procession was to pass, great stands had been erected, which were capable of seating many thousand people. Already enormous prices were being asked for seats, running all the way from one pound up to a hundred. Decorations in electric lights were being placed in front of the Bank of England, the theaters, and the principal stores, and every little cottage, no matter

how lowly, had begun to put out its bit of bunting and the letters "V. R." in pasteboard or whatever was most handy. All London seemed to be occupying itself in decorating for several days beforehand, and on the evening before the eventful day everything was finished. The city had a marvelous appearance, for they seem to know more about the art of decorating in England than we do. Not only bunting and electric bulbs were used, but there were also thousands of pounds spent for flowers. Money wasn't considered, so long as the whole was in honor of the Queen.

The preparations for a great crowd were on a large scale. All the hotels and restaurants laid in provisions for feeding a vast multitude of hungry folk, and every one who could possibly spare a vacant room was advertising it for rent, and at fabulous prices. There were many predictions that the city couldn't contain such a throng as would come, and others wagged their heads and said that some of the grand stands were sure to fall, and people would be crushed in the crowd, and any number of other terrible things.

All Britain was interested in the weather, and there were as many predictions as people almost. Many were sure that it would rain, while others insisted that the heavens would send down fire to celebrate the wondrous occasion. The more sensible ones, however, were confident that the day would be fine.

I wasn't particularly enthusiastic over the event, though I couldn't help but recognize the importance of the Jubilee to the British people. They were proud of the fact that no other nation had ever celebrated such an occasion, and were crying "God save the Queen" continually from morning until night. I never saw so much enthusiasm, not even in a presidential campaign. And there were minor celebrations arranged all over the kingdom, so that the enthusiasm was scarcely greater in London than in the thousands of towns and villages in England and Scotland.

I awaited the day with more curiosity than enthusiasm. I was determined to show everybody that I didn't care anything about royalty, and declined to show any special interest in the proceedings. I decided that it would be un-American to do so. The good landlady at the inn couldn't understand how any one, English or not, could keep from being excited, and said that I must be ill, not to show any more enthusiasm for Her Majesty. I told her that at home we had such events every four years, and therefore I had become used to them. She looked at me in amazement. "Jubilees every four years!" she repeated; "why, what have you got to have a jubilee over?" I explained to her that we didn't have jubilees, but presidential elections, which were quite as good.

The great eventful day at last came round. I think all London arose at about four o'clock that morning just to see what the weather was like. They were made happy by as fine a day as London ever had, for the sun was shining brightly and there was scarcely a cloud to mar the blue of the sky. At the first rays of dawn the whistles were blowing all over the city and the bells soon followed suit. Thus the day was ushered in with a grand welcome to the Queen, who had spent the night at Buckingham Palace.

At six o'clock most people had eaten their breakfasts and were on their way to the streets through which the procession was to pass. All the trams and buses and the underground were crowded with passengers, and many people had to walk great distances in order to get there at all. But though there were many in the Strand and the other thoroughfares at eight o'clock, there was by no means the great crowd that had been expected. I was there myself at that hour, and I looked about me in vain for any signs of a jam. It turned out that many had remained at home in the daytime for fear of the crowd, and these all went to the city at night, when there was a jam.

As I said, I was myself in the Strand at eight o'clock, looking about me for some vantage spot from which to view the procession. I saw with delight



that the grand stands were only about two thirds full, so that many speculators lost money on their deals. The crowd was not uncomfortably large, and I suppose I would have been able to see everything from the street, but I preferred to have a seat somewhere. And as I looked around me for a place I spied the church of St. Clement Danes, which has a wide ledge running around it. I decided that this ledge would be a good thing to sit on, for the church fronted directly on the street, and in spite of the efforts of an officer to make me keep off, there I was when the procession finally passed.

There was very little noise of any kind, and I was quite disgusted with such a crowd. I had supposed that they would have a regular Fourth of July celebration, but never was I more mistaken. The English take their fun more quietly. There was no traffic at all in the accustomed thoroughfares, and but little in any part of the great city. All of the prominent stores closed the doors and most of the smaller ones in the suburbs.

It was a long time before the procession arrived in the Strand, but I saw much that interested me in the interval. I saw in the street below all the types to be found in London, the costers from Whitechapel, the aristocrats from the West End, and the working class

from the suburbs. It was a wonderful panorama of faces, for London is thoroughly cosmopolitan in its population.

It was easy to tell when the procession was nearing me. The crowds grew more and more enthusiastic as the music grew nearer and nearer, and I could see them waving their hats far down the street as it came in sight. There was a great crush when it finally approached us, caused by the people rushing in from the side streets. I was very glad that I had secured my lofty perch, for many were trampled on before the police restored order again.

It would be quite useless for me to describe the great gorgeous pageant in detail, for it was beyond description. It surpassed in its magnificence anything that I had ever seen or read about, even in fairy tales. I found myself holding my breath in admiration as troop after troop of richly uniformed horsemen rode by, almost near enough for me to touch them with my hand. And then there were soldiers on foot, who were quite as handsome as the mounted ones, and there were detachments of marines from the navy-yards.

I was almost carried away by so much gold leaf and rich red velvet, and when at last the carriages of the royal family approached, I joined in the wild

enthusiasm which took possession of the crowd, and found myself shouting "God Save the Queen" as loud as any of them. I reproached myself for it afterwards, though it was a perfectly natural thing for any one to do under the circumstances.

After several divisions of mounted soldiers and soldiers on foot had passed by, it was evident even to a blind man that the carriage of the Queen had arrived. The noise was almost deafening for a few moments, and I found myself wondering how she stood so much din. When I stood up on my ledge I had no difficulty at all in seeing her, and I held my breath as I took my first view of a real live queen. As long as she was in sight I stood there on tip-toe, straining every nerve to take in all the details of her costume and her person, for I didn't know then that I would see her again. And I must say that I was disappointed in what little I saw of her. The carriage passed rapidly and I couldn't see her very well, but I was sure that she wore no crown, and had not even a scepter in her hand. I had fondly hoped to see her with all her state robes, though if I had stopped to think, I would have seen how impossible such a thing was. To me she seemed short, dark complected, with gray hair and eyes, as well as I could see, and with an air of dignity that was certainly queenly. Her face didn't

seem half as cross as in her pictures, and I almost thought she'd make a very good grandmother.

After her came some other members of the royal family, the Prince of Wales, of course, and many others, but there wasn't anything of real interest to me after she had passed. Most of the crowd went away, leaving the colonial troops and the others to pass with only a feeble salutation.

I had to remain on my perch from necessity, but I was so much occupied in thinking of the Queen that I didn't really notice what else was in the procession.

"Am I disappointed in her?" I asked myself more than once, and was obliged, in truth, to say that I was. If she had only worn a crown I might have felt differently, but to me a queen without a crown is very much like a church without a steeple, and deprived of much that makes her attractive in the eyes of Americans at least. All the pictures of queens in books have crowns and scepters and flowing robes, and naturally I had expected Queen Victoria to wear the same. But she didn't, and one more of my boyish ideals was rudely shattered.

When the procession was over and the crowd had thinned enough for me to leave my perch on St. Clement Danes, I hurried to the little inn to tell the good old lady what the Queen looked like. She had

been too feeble to go out, and since she hadn't seen her ruler for many years she was curious to know if she had changed much. "Does she look better than I?" she asked, pathetically, "you know we are the same age; and I wonder which is better looking now," she continued. "Oh," I replied, "she isn't as good-looking as you. She looks old, and worried, and worn with the weight of her heavy crown." The old lady's face brightened. "I always said I was glad I wasn't in Victoria's place," she said.

Jubilee night was much more delightful than the day had been. The streets everywhere were thronged with people, especially in the district where the procession had passed in the morning. Every one seemed to have turned out, even those who had remained at home in the morning to avoid the crowd. The consequence was, of course, that the crowd was much greater than had been expected, and the police were almost unable to handle it. It took me a half an hour to walk one square in the Strand, so dense was the throng.

The illuminations were superb. There were crowns without number, and the letters "V. R." were in front of almost every building. Then there were flags, and pictures of the royal family, all made with electric bulbs. It was all very beautiful, and I would have en-

joyed it had the crowd been smaller. I don't believe any one had a good time, for it was four o'clock in the morning before some of those from the suburbs reached home. There were comparatively few accidents, though, and, on the whole, the day was voted to have been a grand success in every particular.

As for me, I had worn myself out completely trying to see everything that was to be seen, and fighting my way through the crowd to do so. I realized that it would be many years before another event of such magnitude would take place, and I determined to see this one in all its glory. But, on the whole, I was glad when it was over and I was safe in bed in my attic. It was a wonderful day for a Yankee boy, and I will remember it forever.

## CHAPTER VII.

FOR several days after the great Jubilee had come and gone, and London had settled down into a semblance of its former self, I worked away contentedly at the little inn. In the morning, at five o'clock, I made the fire in the kitchen fire-place, for the cooking was all done over an open fire. Then, when the fire was made, I brushed the room out neatly and put things in order for the arrival of the maid, who came down at half past five.

When the kitchen was all clean, I went into the little tap-room at the front of the building and swept it out also, and every other morning I scrubbed it as well. When the tap-room was clean, I took down all the lamps and filled them with oil, for though the dear old landlady had a horror of kerosene, and wouldn't allow it in the bedrooms, she was obliged to have it in the tap-room, for even Londoners won't have candles in public offices. Every morning I filled the scuttles with coal, piled a box full of wood, and then, after I had run a few errands to the grocers and other places round about, my day's work was



practically over. I was usually through by ten o'clock, and then I had the rest of the morning and the afternoon for my very own, and I made good use of my time.

I started out in a different direction each morning, going one day to the East End, another to Hyde Park; sometimes to Westminster, and again to Battersea Park and the district south of the Thames. In that way there was but little that I didn't see one time or another, and I became quite a well-known character in certain districts of the city. I used to spend a good part of my time in Whitechapel and the neighborhood most frequented by Jack the Ripper, of whose terrible deeds I was never tired of hearing. I found a weird fascination in looking up the houses where some of his murders were committed, and I used to love to explore the dark alley-ways and courts where he used to walk about. And I enjoyed watching the coster-folk, with their quaint little donkey-carts and queer costumes. They were so very different from any people I had ever seen, and I was very much impressed with them and their mode of life. The little donkeys which they drive around from morning till night, hitched to carts filled with vegetables, were a source of never-ending enjoyment to me, and I never rested until I had a ride behind one of them. I went up to one of the costers one day, and begged him earnestly

to allow me to drive it just a block, and he laughingly consented, a little too readily, it seemed to me. But I didn't suspect anything, but jumped in, and started off. I hadn't gone far before I found that I knew very little about driving donkeys, for this one started off at a great pace, and seemed determined to pitch me out on the pavement. I saw that a catastrophe was imminent and decided to jump out, which I did, rolling over and over on the cobble-stones. I just saved myself from being run over by an approaching team and got up not much the worse for my adventure, save for several little bruises on my arms and legs. The wayward donkey was stopped by a policeman a few blocks away, and everything turned out all right. But thereafter I admired the little beasts from a distance, having seen quite enough of their peculiarities.

The coster-folk interested me more, I think, than any other class of people in Europe. The girls, with their everlasting blue dresses, feathered hats, and stringy bangs, presented to my eye a most interesting appearance. And when I saw them out at Hempstead Heath one day, having a holiday, dancing to the music of the street pianos, I decided that they were a strange set. They weren't pretty, and their clothing was after a fashion of their own, but they were honest, hard-working, and decent in every way, so that every

one in London must respect them, though most people wouldn't be associated with them. They live apart from every one else, in a district of their own. They have their own pleasures, sorrows, and temptations, and they battle with them bravely. Altogether, I learned to have a very high respect for them and thought a great deal more of them than I did of the aristocrats of the West End.

Two or three days in the Hyde Park district gave me a wondrous insight into the city's fashionable life, and when I managed to make my way to the Duchess of Devonshire's famous fancy-dress ball, I saw all the aristocracy of England in one mansion. The ball had been looked forward to and talked about for months beforehand, and was to be the chief social event of the Jubilee season. I read about it every day in the papers until I finally determined to attend it if such a thing were possible. It was an occasion that I shouldn't miss, if I wanted to see anything of high life in London. I puzzled my brain for several days, trying to think of a way to gain admittance to the ball. At last it occurred to me to see the Chamberlain, and perhaps he could arrange for me to look on from a distance. I went up to Devonshire House and saw the gentleman, telling him of my trip from America and how very anxious I was to see the ball. He

was very pleasant to me and said that if I would present myself at a certain door on the eventful night he would see that I got in and had a place to watch the proceedings. So I did as he told me, and sure enough he had left orders for me to be admitted.

I was conducted through several rooms, and finally entered a dressing-room, where the footman handed me a servant's uniform, which he told me to put on. I was astonished at this, but he explained that I would have to be either a servant or a guest, and it would be safer for me to be a servant, since all the guests were known, and there were no boys among them. I donned the uniform, and I was placed in one of the doors opening to the ball-room. "Stand right here," said the man, "and don't say a word to any one. You couldn't have a better place to see the ball."

I was in ecstasies of delight. The very novelty of my position, a servant to an English duke, was enough to make me happy, and then I was to see all the famous earls and dukes in Britain, and the Prince and Princess of Wales as well. It was a great occasion for me, and I stood as still as I could until the guests began to arrive. The great ball-room was one great mass of flowers and ferns, and hundreds of candles made the chandeliers brilliant with light. The orchestra was stationed in a ferny nook off the large room,

and everything seemed too perfect. The Duke of Devonshire is probably the wealthiest man in England and one of the leading Peers, so expense was not considered in the decorations.

It would be impossible to describe that wonderful night. As I look back upon it, I think it must have been a dream, for it was a veritable night in fairyland. The brilliant costumes of the ladies, the handsome uniforms of the men, and the jewels that sparkled everywhere, made the scene more like some fairy frolic than an actual London ball. There were dukes and duchesses without number, and earls and countesses and knights innumerable. Some of the ladies wore their coronets, and that of the Princess of Wales impressed me particularly, being the nearest thing I had seen to a crown. I was always on the lookout for crowns during my stay in London, and the only one I saw was locked up in the Tower, where it didn't look queenly in the least, but more like some tawdry stage affair.

I played my role of servant to perfection, and the entire evening passed without any incident, as far as I was concerned. I was near enough on several occasions to have touched the Prince of Wales, but no one said anything to me, and I stood as quiet as a mouse. I was glad, though, when it was all over, though I

wouldn't have missed it for anything. Even royalty, though, becomes tiresome, when you have to stand up all the time to look at it. I thanked the Chamberlain most heartily for his great kindness to me, but he said he often did that, and sometimes made a good sum through it, too.

All the time that I was exploring the East End and attending fancy-dress balls at Devonshire House, I was wondering how I was going to make some money during my stay in London. I wasn't spending very much of my twenty-five dollars, but I wanted to have a little more than that, if possible, when I left London for the Continent. And though I thought a great deal about the subject, the only feasible plan was for me to venture into London journalism, and this didn't seem very easy to do, either. I had been very much impressed with London papers from the first. They were so staid and commonplace, and so academic in style, compared to our American journals. It took me some time to find any news in them at all, though I finally became partially acquainted with them and learned the location of the various departments pretty thoroughly. At first I didn't like them at all, but before I left London I became used to them, and decided that they were not so very bad, though they didn't have any pictures.

They never have any reading matter on the front page and very little on any page. A few American papers are copying them in the plan of giving the first page over to advertising, but I don't think it has proved a very great success. Then in the arrangement of the news, and in the news itself, there is a wonderful difference. They never give the details of things that happen. The mere fact that some one has been foully murdered, or that China has been seized by Russia, is not deemed sufficient excuse for printing more than a bare paragraph or two, in which the fact itself is stated and nothing else. There is none of the elaboration and detail that one sees in American dailies, and there are no "scare-heads"; just a plain line in small type. They devote much space to little paragraphs relating the events of the day in various European capitals, something which we never do, since we are not much interested in the movements of Prince or Princess Blank of Austria or Montenegro or some other out-of-the-way place. One of the strangest departments to Americans is the invariable "Court Circular" which all the papers print. It is very short, and records in quaint language the doings of the previous day at Windsor, or Balmoral, or wherever the Queen happens to be staying. This is the way it runs. Isn't it funny?



"The Queen drove out yesterday morning, accompanied by H. R. H., Princess Henry of Battenburg.

"The Hon. Harriet Lane has been succeeded as lady in waiting to Her Majesty by the Hon. Charlotte Long.

"The Hon. Sir Slowwood Edwins has arrived at the Castle."

As soon as I had determined to try and write for London papers, I went to the "Evening News" and asked to see the editor. The boy at the door insisted upon knowing what I wanted to see him about, and I was obliged to confess that it was only manuscript that I had. And I didn't believe I would get in at all after such a damaging confession, but the boy must have described my appearance, for the editor sent for me to come in. I went upstairs and entered his sanctum, and when I was seated I related to him the story of my adventures since I left home. I told him that I had considerable ability as a journalist, too, for I hoped to impress him that way. I had been told that London editors valued you at your own price, and I determined that I wouldn't be turned away because I had a poor opinion of myself. The plan succeeded well, for he told me to write two thousand words about my trip and bring it up in the morning. "I'll give you thirty shillings for it," he said, and my heart

bounded at the mere idea. Thirty shillings would be great wealth to me.

The editor was much pleased with my article, and when it was printed it caused some discussion in other papers. It was a good introduction for me, and after that I sold several little articles before I left for the Continent. I was received with great cordiality in the newspaper offices, for even London editors appreciate enterprise, though it be found in a Yankee boy. They were always kind and genial, and did much to encourage me to keep on. They never gave me very much for my writings, but altogether I made nearly thirty dollars during the time I was in London, and I was satisfied with my success.

Not all the papers received me kindly, however. I hadn't been in the city long before Mr. Jerome K. Jerome came out in his paper and criticised me and the papers which had printed my articles. He said that I was a boy who was out for adventure, and who didn't know anything more about real journalism than a young African. He then went on to pick something I had written to pieces, and when I read his criticisms I felt as though the earth had fallen from under my feet. It was the first unkind thing that had been written about me, and it was all so cruel and untrue. I allowed it to worry me more than I should have, no

doubt, and my friends said it would do me much more good than harm, but somehow I wasn't satisfied to let it pass, and determined to call on Mr. Jerome. I found him in his office, and for some time our interview was rather peppery, but finally he understood my ambitions and my object in coming to England, and we became very good friends. He told me to write him an article, which I did, and it was printed the next week, with an apology for what he had written. Thus I won my first journalistic battle, and I was more happy than I can tell. The other editors congratulated me on my success, and my sky was bright once more.

## CHAPTER VIII.

FROM the very first day that the idea of going to Europe entered my head, the event to which I had looked forward with the greatest delight was an interview with Mr. Gladstone. I determined to see him before I left New York, and told the "World" that I would send them the interview when I saw him. I had an idea that it would be very easy to get, for though I knew that he had retired from public life, I thought he would surely see me after I had traveled so far and depended so much on the favor. The paper, of course, said that I wouldn't be able to see him, but then papers had said that I wouldn't reach Europe, too, and the mere fact that they doubted my ability made me more determined than ever to see Mr. Gladstone.

When I reached England, one of the very first things I did was to send a note out to Hawarden Castle. In this note I related my experiences to a certain extent, and told him how very anxious I was for an interview. I made my argument as strong as possible and expected a favorable reply. But in a few days an an-

swer came, written by "Mr. Gladstone's secretary," in which it was stated that the Grand Old Man was quite too ill to see any one, though he would very much like to grant my request.

I was almost disheartened when I read this, but I couldn't give up so easily, and sat down and wrote another letter, stronger even than the former one. I told him of my promise to the New York editor, and tried to make him understand how important to me it was, but though I waited several days for a reply, none came. Then I decided to make a trip to Hawarden village, for I just must have that interview. It was a long way to Hawarden, clear across England and into Wales, though we wouldn't call that a great distance in America, only about two hundred and fifty miles.

A few days later there was a cheap excursion on the railway, and I set out for Hawarden. It was a tiresome ride, and I was obliged to change cars some five or six times before I finally reached the village, for it is in an out-of-the-way corner of the kingdom. I found it to be a beautiful little spot, however, and well worth visiting, even if Mr. Gladstone didn't live there. It consists of a single long, straggling street, with low-roofed, thatched cottages on either side, and one of the quaintest little churches in all England. Mr. Gladstone's second son is rector of the parish, and the en-

tire Gladstone family is seen at church on Sundays, and usually on week-days as well. Even the Grand Old Man, feeble as he is, can be seen walking down the village street at seven in the morning, going to attend the early service. The village is filled with strangers every Sunday, who only come for the privilege of seeing Mr. Gladstone at church. He used to always read the lessons, but of late he has become so feeble that he can no longer fill this duty, and the attendance has consequently fallen off considerably. Many still come, however, content to watch him worshipping with the village throng.

The first thing I did upon my arrival in the village was to call upon Mr. Stephen Gladstone, the rector. I hoped to persuade him to take me up to the castle to see his father, for I knew it would be useless for me to go alone and try to gain admittance. I was pleasantly received at the rectory, and Mr. Stephen was very much interested in my story. He asked me many questions, and said that he would really be very glad to take me to see his father but was afraid to do so. "The fact is," he said, "I am afraid to take you. I once took a bishop up there, and when we got there my father wouldn't see him, so you see what a position I was in. He doesn't receive any one but old friends any more, and I wouldn't care to risk a repetition of my experience with the bishop."

Of course I couldn't blame him for feeling this way. He seemed to be in fear of his father, and there was no use arguing the point any further. But he, however, didn't seem to give up entirely, and asked me to call again the next morning. "I may be able to arrange it some way; I don't know," he said, as I left. So I went away hopeful.

When I mentioned to the villagers that I had come to try and see Mr. Gladstone, they all laughed and said that I had come on a wild-goose chase, for he wouldn't see any one any more. "W'y," they said, "'e won't see heven the big folks what comes 'ere," and they nodded their heads, as though that fact ought to discourage me from any further attempt to see him.

When I went to the rectory the next morning I wasn't as hopeful as I had been the night before. The talk of the villagers, and observations I had made around the castle itself, made me doubt whether I would see him after all. And the rector couldn't give me any hope. He hadn't been able to think of any plan for me, and said that he didn't believe he could be of any use in the project at all. "I would like to ever so much," he said, "but you know my position." I did know his position, for I had learned from the villagers that the old statesman was autocrat in his



own family, and I understood Mr. Stephen's unwillingness to take any one that he might not wish to see.

But though the rector couldn't take me, he was ready with suggestions. "You might go up to the castle yourself," he said, "and ask to see my sister Helen, but I doubt if she will help you any. You mustn't mind if she snubs you, for you know how she is." I had heard how she was also in the village, and I didn't think I was particularly anxious to meet her, but that seemed the only thing to do, and my only chance of seeing Mr. Gladstone. I had asked the people in the village how I could get in the castle myself, and they replied that I couldn't get in at all, and I needn't try. But I determined to use every possible means to see him before acknowledging defeat.

On the third morning of my stay, therefore, I decided to go up to the castle and see Miss Helen Gladstone. I made my way through the handsome park surrounding it, and in a few minutes stood in front of the superb building itself. It is a beautiful structure, and I was dumb with admiration. It was my first real castle. Around it I saw a high wall, which I certainly couldn't climb, so the only way to get in was to go through the great gate. This I did, walking along unconcernedly, as though I belonged in the village, and I passed unmolested. Once within the gate, I

went up to the main entrance, and, ringing the bell, asked to see Miss Helen Gladstone. "What name shall I say?" the footman growled. "Oh, she doesn't know me," I replied, "but tell her that it's on important business."

In a few moments Miss Gladstone made her appearance, dressed ready to go out on her bicycle. She wasn't very pleasant looking, and when she spoke I involuntarily jumped. She asked me what I wanted, and I told her how much I wanted to see Mr. Gladstone, and who I was. Then she began to scold, and gave me what we say at home is "a good talking to." It seemed that it was she who answered my letter, and she was angry that I should presume to come out to Hawarden after she had written me not to do so. I did my best to persuade her to listen to me, but she said that it was impossible and that was all there was to it. I then said that Mr. Gladstone was able to walk out and I didn't see why he couldn't see me. But she said that it was out of the question. She walked away and left me standing there, after saying some very decided things. "I'll be back again in the morning," I yelled, as she went away. "Well, you needn't," she said; "it won't do you any good."

"Oh, will I ever, ever see him," I said to myself, as I walked down the path. "I've said I will, and I will, but I wish I hadn't promised."

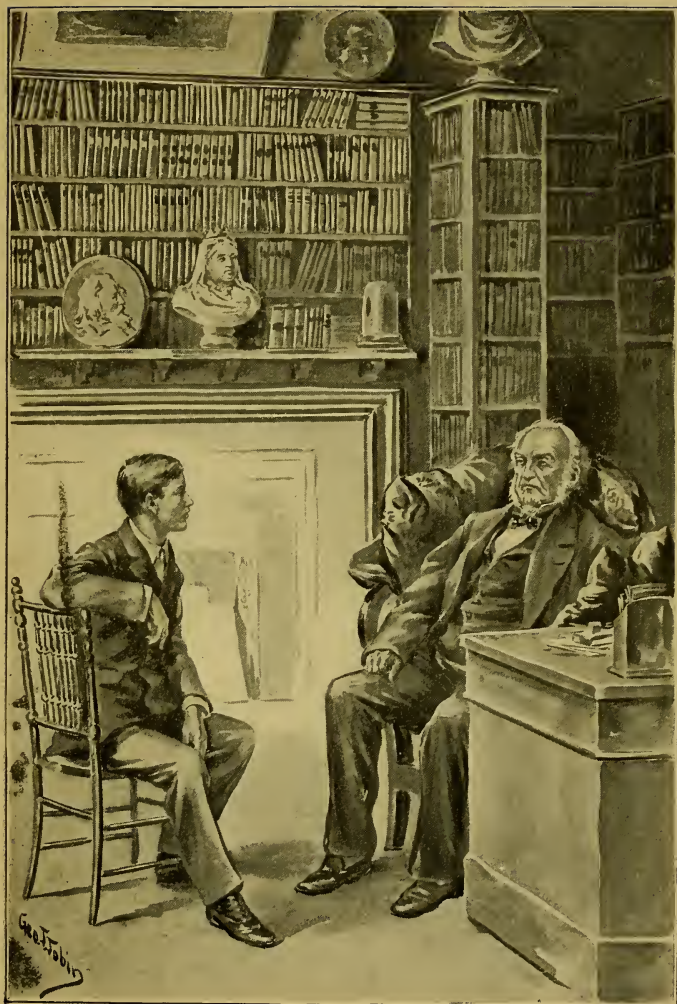
The next morning I again presented myself at the castle door, and Miss Helen came when I sent for her. She was surprised to see me there again, but I could see that she was also impressed by my persistency, and I followed up my advantage. Finally she said that she would leave it all to Mr. Gladstone and give me a chance, anyhow, though she didn't think he would receive me. So in she went and was soon back. Yes, Mr. Gladstone would see me. My heart bounded at the news.

When I entered the famous library where Mr. Gladstone spends most of his time, he was seated in a deep arm chair, leaning back among several cushions and wrapped in a shawl. I was impressed at once with his feebleness and great age. I had thought of him so much as a great public man that I had forgotten his age, so I was shocked by his worn appearance. He looked much older than any of his pictures make him to look. As he raised his handsome head on my entrance, I was immediately impressed with his great personality. His greatness was evident in every movement he made, and one couldn't be in the room with him and not know that he was a great, a wonderful man. I was impressed with him from the first.

He allowed me to take his hand, and told me to pull up a chair and sit down. Then he opened the

conversation. "Sit up close," he said, "you know I cannot hear very well. Tell me now about your trip and about Chicago. I am very much interested in your adventures." And he smiled in a manner that made me happy to see. I told him about my journey, and I answered all his questions, which were many. "You are very enterprising and ambitious," he said; "take care that your ambition doesn't run away with you." Then he asked me if I had been through school, and I had to tell him that I hadn't quite finished high school, but expected to go more. "You ought to go to college if you can," he said, "it will do you a world of good," and I promised him that I would try and follow his advice.

Then he talked about various things, but very little about himself. He seemed to take a great interest in young men, and asked me question after question about my future. Indeed, I was rather the one that was interviewed and he the interviewer. He said that he was feeling very well, as a rule, and that he liked the Hawarden climate, though he couldn't stand it when the weather was breaking up. "You don't work much now, do you, Mr. Gladstone?" I asked him, and he replied that he spent his time in reading. We hadn't talked half enough to suit me when Miss Helen came for me to go. "You've



"BE A GOOD BOY, AND YOU'LL BE A TRUE MAN, HE SAID."  
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stayed too long already," she said. Then I took the great man's hand once more and we said good-bye. "Be a good boy," he said, at last, "and you'll be a true man." I looked at him long and hard, feeling that it would be the last time I would ever see him.

Miss Helen took me through the castle, which is beautifully furnished, and full of souvenirs of the master's great career. I was presented also to Mrs. Gladstone, who was also kind to me, and then I went away satisfied.

When I returned to London, the reporters couldn't imagine how I had secured my interview. They said they had tried and tried, and never had succeeded. "That may be true," I said, "but you didn't try in the Yankee way."



## CHAPTER IX.

THERE are many ways for different people to gain the favor of a private audience with the Queen of England. There are "drawing-rooms" several times during the London season for the nobility and the very wealthy; there are sometimes private audiences given to people connected with Her Majesty's government, and, on extraordinary occasions, the Queen receives some prince or notable from a foreign land. As soon as the Jubilee had come and gone, a great desire came to me to see the Queen and talk with her, but the prospect of my doing so was not encouraging. I was not a duke of the realm, nor rich, nor fashionable, so it wasn't likely that I would be able to gain admittance to one of the drawing-rooms. I was not connected in any way with the Queen's government, not likely soon to be, and lastly, though I hailed from a foreign land, I could not call myself either a prince or a potentate. "How then," I thought to myself many times, "am I ever to see the Queen?"

My desire to see her finally became almost a mania. The slight glimpse I had obtained of her at the Jubi-

lee had only made me want to see more of her, and I tried every way to do so. I used to haunt the neighborhood of Buckingham Palace, hoping that she might drive out, but I was never fortunate enough to be present at the right time. Then I used to go to ceremonies where the papers said she was to be present, but somehow fate seemed against me, and she had always arrived when I got there. So I had about given up any idea of seeing her when I went to Hawarden Castle to interview Mr. Gladstone. Then, when I was in the midst of my conversation with him, it occurred to me that he might be able to obtain an audience for me, or at least give me a letter to some one at Windsor, where the Queen was then staying. So at my first opportunity I mentioned my consuming desire to see the Queen and talk with her, and I suppose that I must have made my appeal very strong, for, before I left, the Grand Old Man had given me a letter to the Lord Chamberlain. He said he didn't know whether it would be possible for me to see her, but if it was, the Lord Chamberlain would arrange it for me. I thanked Mr. Gladstone with all my heart and could hardly get back to London fast enough. At last my cherished hope was about to be accomplished, for if any one could get me into the castle Mr. Gladstone was the man.

I lost no time in getting back to London, and when I arrived I hurried to Windsor Castle. I seemed to fear that the Queen might escape me, after all, and I wanted to be sure that she was still there. I asked for the Lord Chamberlain when I reached the castle gates, and the guard said gruffly that he wasn't there. "O, but I have a letter for him," I cried, "a letter from Mr. Gladstone." Then the guards allowed me to enter, and I was taken into the presence of the Chamberlain. The grand old castle, standing grim and silent, as in the days of the Edwards, seemed to belong to another world. I was much impressed with the great stone pillars, the massive arches and ancient halls, and I was half frightened when I saw the Chamberlain. It was all very much like an old fairy tale in which I was the Prince. The Chamberlain, dressed in a robe of some kind, with badges and insignia all over the front, was the terrible old King, and I had come to bargain for his daughter, who was, of course, the Queen. It would have been better had I made her the grandmother instead. But, anyhow, it was a great experience for a plain Yankee boy.

The Chamberlain received me with great dignity of manner, scarcely allowing himself to utter a word. He read the letter carefully once and then again. Then only did he speak. "Come again in three days

from now," were his words, and I bowed myself out of the presence of the fairy king. I was more joyful than ever after that. I reasoned that if he didn't expect the Queen to see me he would have told me so at once and not asked me to come again. So the event seemed more likely to happen than ever.

The intervening days were not wholly happy. I was joyful at the glorious prospect before me, but there were many things to make it a mixed joy. How was I, for instance, who knew nothing about Queens save what I had read in picture books, to carry myself when in the presence of Queen Victoria? Should I stoop and kiss the hem of her garment, as in the fairy tales, or would I just calmly sit down as though I were talking to Mrs. Sullivan, our next-door neighbor at home? I had read that it was the custom to kiss her hand, but would I dare do such a thing? She might take it for rudeness if it were not exactly the thing to do, and then what would they do to me? Would I be thrown into a dungeon or a prison beneath the castle? Such uncertainties as these haunted me day and night. It was undoubtedly silly to think such things, but I was only sixteen, and imagine yourselves, dear readers, in my position at that time.

The tension of my mind finally became so great that I betook myself to the Guildhall library and read for

hours in a book called "Etiquette at Court." I read when I should bow, when I should smile, and when I should stand. I read about where I should stand, and about whether it was right for me to speak much or not. I tried my best to absorb it all, but it seemed impossible to remember it without practice, and, when the dread yet longed-for day drew near, I simply gave up in despair, and determined not to read another thing about it but simply trust to luck.

I had no dress suit, of course, but, as I was told to come in the afternoon, I was doubtful about the propriety of wearing one, even if I had it. So I decided to just go in my plain clothing, and be as much American as possible. I had neither the money nor the knowledge to go in proper costume, so it seemed best to go as naturally as possible and not make any attempt to be proper.

Finally the eventful day came round. It was a Saturday and a charming day in every way. I was up early, in my little attic room, brushing my coat, blacking my shoes, and scrubbing my face. I scrubbed and scrubbed, and brushed and brushed, and then I'd look again, to be sure that I was as neat as I could be in a five-dollar department-store suit. After an hour of such preparation, I became a little doubtful of my ability to bow correctly, and the next half-hour was

spent in trying to bow and scrape to an imaginary sovereign on my little bed. Then, having nothing else to do just then, I sat down and thought over all that I intended to do. I planned everything, and then at eleven o'clock I started for Windsor.

The Chamberlain had told me to come at two, but I thought it was well to be on time, so I arrived in the castle grounds at twelve o'clock. Buying some bread and cheese for my luncheon, I walked about the grounds eating it and imagining the Queen at luncheon within the castle. I walked about until two, and then, promptly as the clock in the church struck the hour, I entered the Chamberlain's office.

"I see you are on time," he said, in a deep voice; "Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint an audience for you at two o'clock. I trust you appreciate, my young fellow, the exceedingly high honor thus conferred upon you."

"O, sir," I said, "indeed I do. This is the happiest, most triumphant day of all my life."

"And well it may be. I do not think her Majesty has ever been so gracious before in such a way. Do not forget to express your thanks to her, for she appreciates thankfulness.

"Doubtless you will not conduct yourself wholly according to the etiquette of the court, but try and be

quiet and modest. Do not sit down, unless you are asked, which it isn't likely you will be, and do not speak save when spoken to. Bow low to the Queen upon her recognition, but do not kiss her hand. Bow also to the Princess Henry of Battenburg, who will be in the room, and to any other ladies who may be present."

All this and much else did the Chamberlain say to me, and then, promptly at half-past two, he left me, and, returning in a few moments, said: "Follow me; Her Majesty will receive you now."

I cannot well remember the occurrences of the next few minutes. Those who have been through such experiences can alone appreciate my feelings. I seemed to be in a maze, and I was a mere mechanism, with hardly the power to think. I followed the Chamberlain through several apartments so handsome as to give me the impression of a hall in fairyland, and then we stopped in a smaller room, where I was told to wait a moment. I saw, as in a dream, the magnificent tapestries, the paintings, and the works of art abounding on every side. An elegant rug covered the floor, and the ceiling was high and tapestried also. During the few moments I was left alone in this ante-room, I seemed to regain, in some remarkable way, my composure. I felt cool and collected, and when



the Chamberlain beckoned me to advance, I might have been on Coney Island, as far as any embarrassment was concerned.

I passed through the single door that separated me from a monarch, and took in the whole apartment at a glance, deciding at once that it was the private sitting-room of the Queen. It was not large, and not very elegant, though the furnishings were the richest and most complete I had ever seen. There were here, as in other rooms, many paintings of the finest quality, and among them I noticed a large, life-sized portrait of the dead Prince Consort. Another, of the Prince of Wales, hung beside it, and around the room were portraits of most all the other members of the Royal Family.

But I didn't notice the furnishings at first. As I entered the room, my eyes rested immediately upon a short, stout, gray, plain old lady, with a sweet, grandmotherly expression, and I knew at once that she was the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, mightiest of earthly sovereigns. I hesitated at the door, uncertain about how far forward I should step, but the ever-present Chamberlain relieved my perplexity by beckoning me forward. Her Majesty didn't look up from her book, for she was reading, until I was about fifteen feet away. Then she slowly

raised her head and smiled upon me. I never saw a more queenly action than this. She accomplished it with such superb grace and dignity that any one would have known that she was a queen. Laying her book on the table beside her she spoke, and I awaited her words in breathless silence. "Come nearer, my boy," she said, "I can't talk to you so far away."

I obeyed her with alacrity, and, of course, I came near stumbling as I went. "This, my boy, is the Princess Henry of Battenburg, and this" (motioning to a lady on her left, seated in a chair) "is the Princess Victoria of Wales. You should have saluted them on your entrance."

I blushed scarlet at the implied rebuke, wondering, meanwhile, why the Queen chose to make such a remark. I do not think she meant it unkindly, yet it undoubtedly was a rebuke. "I was looking at none but you, your Majesty," I said; and the Princess Victoria laughed outright. "A compliment for you, grandmamma," she said, and the Queen smiled sweetly. Then she spoke again. "I hear that you have come all the way from America, and working your way, too. Were you not afraid?"

"No, your Majesty; I was not at all afraid. You see," I said, "I am ambitious, and ambition conquers much."



"COME NEARER, MY BOY," SHE SAID, "I CAN'T TALK TO YOU SO FAR AWAY."—Page 106.



"That is true and well spoken," said the Queen. "And what do you think of our country? Tell me truly, for I want no idle flattery."

"O, it is beautiful, your Majesty; I would love to live here."

"But you would rather live in America, wouldn't you?" said Princess Henry, slyly, winking indecorously at her niece.

"Most certainly," I replied, "for I was born there and it's my home."

"Bravo," said the Princess, laughing.

"And what are your ambitions and your future plans?" asked the Queen. "You have made a brave start. Do you intend to continue your career?"

"By all means," I said, "and if every one is as kind and gracious as your Majesty, I am sure I shall succeed."

"Thank you. I am much interested in boys and young men. I hope to hear of you often in the future. Remember that I am your well-wisher and friend. If you do write a book, be sure and send me a copy, for I shall read it with great pleasure."

"Yes, send us one of your books by all means," said the Princess Henry of Battenburg. Then, without any further conversation, the Queen held out her hand, and I barely touched it in farewell. "Good-

bye," she said, and again took up the book she had laid down when I entered. She smiled sweetly and was seemingly glad that she had made me happy. I also said farewell to the princesses, and managed to bow myself out of the apartment without falling down.

Once out, I lost no time in seating myself on a chair in the ante-room. The strain had been terrible, and I felt weak and worn out. I sat there for some minutes before leaving the castle, gradually regaining my strength and natural composure.

I was impressed with the appearance of the Queen. She looks but little like her picture, being a more attractive woman in every way than they represent. Her face wears an expression of peace and kindliness that would do credit to any American grandmother, and her hair is almost entirely white. There are yet a few hairs of dark gray, but they are fast disappearing. Her dress was, of course, black. London people say she wears the same one always, but that is absurd. This one was of black silk, plainly made, and trimmed with lace. There was just a touch of white at her throat and in the queer cap she wears, and the rest of her attire was somber in the extreme. Her face didn't seem to be very much wrinkled for a woman of seventy-eight.

I had a hard time getting Londoners to believe that



I saw the Queen. I didn't dare send an account of it to any paper there for fear they wouldn't print it, and it was hard to make even my friends believe that I had at last succeeded in talking with her. They couldn't understand that pluck and perseverance sometimes accomplish more than wealth and social position, or that boys can sometimes do what many men have failed to accomplish.

Having seen the Queen, however, and having found her to be a good, true woman, like our American grandmothers, I was content. I have tried to believe that the Queen was glad to see me, and that I wasn't a bore. I do not know, however; perhaps she is sitting in Windsor Castle at this moment and telling some of her friends about "that horrid American boy I was foolish enough to see." But I hope she is saying, instead, "American boys are so interesting; I'm glad I saw that one with the bright red hair."



## CHAPTER X.

AT last the end of my stay in London and in England came nearer and nearer, and I hurried about, trying to see everything that had escaped me so far during my sojourn. Though I spent most of my time in the great metropolis, I did not leave at last without seeing something of provincial England as well. I soon learned that London is not all England by any means and that there is much to be seen in the little villages.

I can never forget the happy days spent in rambling among the ancient ruins of old castles and abbeys, playing that I was some old feudal lord, with estates extending in every direction, and serfs living in the cottages not far away. It was great fun for me, and in addition to appreciating the romantic part of the situation, I was also interested in the ruins themselves, and loved to dig up relics and old remains of bygone days. I also had great pleasure in visiting the cottagers in the inland villages and talking with them. I used to tell them about the great America, and they would open their mouths in astonishment, for though

they have been told some wonderful things about us, there were some tales that they had not heard. They loved, for instance, to hear about the elevated railroads and the tall office buildings of our great cities, and also about the World's Fair at Chicago, of which they had very different ideas. Some thought that Chicago was in Canada and the fair was held on the sea-shore, while others had an idea that Chicago was in the United States, but was a state instead of a city. I did my best to put their ideas right, but it wasn't much use.

I had one of the best chances to study English country life when I went to the Henley Regatta. I determined to go as soon as I heard of it, and I was never sorry that I did so. The River Thames was a wonderful sight that day, a sight that cannot be seen anywhere else on earth.

When I arrived in the quaint little village of Henley I found the town full of excitement. Everywhere were flags and bunting, and there was noise and bustle in the streets. It was the nearest approach to our Fourth of July that I saw in England. Of course I looked for the river at once, and when I found it I saw a marvelous sight. The stream was one mass of gay color. There were colored boats, and bright costumes in the boats, and brilliant parasols over all.

And since the water was entirely covered with the tiny boats, the effect may be imagined. In the boats and along the banks there were bands of music, street pianos, strolling players, and almost every other arrangement for noise-making, and the air was filled with sounds. The boats moved lazily along, keeping time with the music.

Along either bank of the river were the famous house-boats, which I had never seen before, since they don't exist on this side of the water. They literally bordered the stream on both sides and made a pretty picture. They were long, awkward barges, gayly painted and much decorated, and always having two stories or decks. They were quite large enough to make comfortable residences for small families, but on this occasion there must have been more than a hundred people on some of them. They were made gay with real flowers and vines, to say nothing of flags and bunting, and with these great house-boats along the river, and the river itself covered with boats, there wasn't any room left for races, and I wondered how they'd manage. I soon had the problem solved before my eyes, for a steam launch came along, whistling at every foot, and the small boats were obliged to pull in along the bank, and some went off down stream. Then there was quite a stretch of open

water for the races, which soon came off. I can't say I was very much interested in them, because they were so very slow. The crowd, however, went fairly wild, and there was as much cheering as there is at base-ball at home. But between the races, and they are held far apart, the crowd seemed to forget what they were there for, promenading up and down, gossiping, and attending informal receptions in the house-boats. It was evident to me that people don't go to Henley simply for the races.

At Henley I also saw something of the River Thames, and I was glad to have this view of it as it really is. In London it is affected by the flow of the tide, which makes it a much larger stream than it would otherwise be. In a sense I was disappointed at what I saw of its upper reaches at Henley. It was so pitifully small, and wound in and out among the grass like some American creek. One would naturally expect to find a river more than two feet deep, yet that is what I didn't do at Henley, and a few miles farther up they said it was only one foot deep. At this I quite collapsed. "Well, I don't see that you've got anything to be proud of in the way of rivers," I said to the Englishman I was with; "you ought to come over and see our American rivers. Why, we wouldn't call this a creek." But he was by no means

disturbed at this. He said that it might not be large but it was beautiful. "Yes, it's a beautiful brook," I said to him, "but it's simply nowhere as a river." But it was no use discussing the subject. That Englishman was firmly convinced that the Thames is sacred, and all the Americans couldn't make him change his view. If there's one thing more than another that an Englishman prides himself upon it's his strength of mind. He wouldn't let his mind be changed for all the money in the Bank of England, as they say over there.

I also had a glimpse of Wales, where I found people who couldn't speak the English language, and saw something of Scotland as well. Indeed, I was continually taking little trips on foot in every direction, which didn't cost me much, but which were very delightful and profitable. There wasn't much in the neighborhood of London that I hadn't seen when I went away, and I had been in almost every part of provincial England as well. I had seen the fine old cathedrals and I had seen the Roman ruins ; in short, there wasn't much that was interesting to a boy that I didn't see.

At the inn in Fetter Lane things went on as usual day after day. The old lady was cross sometimes, but generally she was very good to me, and I never could be thankful enough that I had succeeded

in getting the place. My work seemed to grow more and more easy, and I finally had most of the day to myself. When I wished to take trips to places at some distance, I was always allowed to do so, and when I came back the people at the inn were always anxious to know what I had seen. They seemed to think it impossible that I should go anywhere without having an adventure of some kind, and I was usually able to gratify their curiosity. Each evening the tap-room used to be filled with men and women from the neighborhood round about, who had come in to spend the evening in gossiping. It was quite the custom in that old part of London, for the poor folk had no other way to occupy themselves. I soon became the hero of these evening assemblies, and was always busy telling stories of America or of what I expected to do when I left England for the countries across the Channel. They appreciated my bravery in coming alone to England very much, and it seemed to me that every woman in the neighborhood was bent on being a mother to me. It was all very nice and kept me from becoming homesick very often.

There were times, however, when I couldn't keep my thoughts from the ones at home, and then I would just go up to my attic and think of them all night long. It did me good, somehow, and I was always more

ambitious than ever the next morning. I had letters from home every week or two, and I sent great long epistles every Friday, in which I described the wonderful events I was passing through. Mother's letters were usually very solicitous for my health, and I was glad to write her, week after week, that I never felt better in my life. It was indeed wonderful how well I seemed to be. At home I had never been strong, and I had expected to be ill from the change of climate in England, but it seemed to have the contrary effect on me. Had I known what was in store for me when I reached the countries of Continental Europe I wouldn't have been so joyful over the question of my health.

I remained in London the best part of five weeks, and then I saw that it was time for me to leave for the Continent. I had seen enough of everything, had managed to add twenty-five dollars to the twenty with which I had arrived, and there was nothing to keep me longer. I felt actually rich with my forty-five dollars, and was confident that I would be able to travel all over the Continent with it. I of course expected to be able to earn a little, and I would live cheap, oh, so cheap. I planned to walk from one village to another and so see the peasant life of the various countries, and I expected to live on bread and cheese, if necessary.



My ideas of the Continental countries were very dim. I knew almost nothing of the people, and my knowledge of geography was only what I had learned in the lower grades at school. As to languages, I knew absolutely nothing of them, and knew I would have to depend on my ability to make signs. And in spite of all this ignorance, I was determined not to read any red guide-books. I wanted to get my own impressions of things, regardless of what others might say about them. I didn't want to know what other people thought of things but what I thought.

I looked forward to the coming tour with impatience, in spite of the fact that I didn't know what I was going into. The only thing that made me anxious to remain was the dear old inn, and I did hate to leave it. When again would I have kind friends and a good bed, or when would I have all I wanted to eat? They were questions worth considering.

I hadn't many preparations to make for my departure. I of course went around and said good-bye to the editors who had been kind to me, and also to the few other friends I had made during my stay. I took a last look at Westminster Abbey and some of the other places I loved most, and then I felt ready to leave on any boat.

But of course I couldn't leave on any boat, for

some were expensive and some were cheap. Finally, however, I took passage on a slow freighter, bound for Ostend, Belgium, and at midnight on Saturday, about five weeks from the day I first saw London, I sailed away to an unknown land, unknown to me at least.

## CHAPTER XI.

ALTHOUGH the little steamer upon which I was to go to Ostend was a cargo boat, it also carried a great many passengers, who were mostly people who couldn't afford to take a regular passenger steamer. Some of them paid four shillings, and some paid six, and the ones who paid the higher sum were the only ones who were given a bed that night.

The boat, of course, was never meant to carry passengers, and there couldn't have been more than a dozen berths in all, so that when these were full, the other passengers were obliged to sleep most anywhere. I was disgusted when I arrived in the tiny saloon and found every berth taken by the six-shilling passengers, for I was tired and wanted to sleep. I had been standing on the dock alone for about an hour before the vessel sailed, and had expected to have a good bed for the night. When I mentioned my feelings to the steward, he said that I could sleep on the dining-room table if I wanted to, and if I didn't want to, why, I could stand up.

So I lay down on top of the table, which was about

the hardest piece of wood I ever saw. I was in imminent danger of rolling off on the floor at any moment, and felt quite sure that as soon as the boat struck the open sea I would do so on account of the waves being high. I thought at first that it would be impossible to get to sleep, but a tired boy can sleep most anywhere, and I finally closed my eyes.

All night long I dreamed of sea-serpents and kindred terrors, and after a horrible time I opened my eyes. Looking at my watch, I saw that it was six o'clock, and going up on deck, I was astonished to find that I couldn't see two feet ahead of me. I understood at once, though, that we were in the midst of a dense fog, a fog of the real London kind.

I went up to one of the officers and asked him if we weren't almost to Ostend, for we were supposed to arrive early in the morning. Imagine my disgust, therefore, when he coolly remarked that we were not yet out of the Thames, nor likely soon to be, unless the fog lifted itself. I turned away and sought my dining-room table again. There was nothing to see on deck, and the fog was decidedly unpleasant for the lungs.

As I lay there, trying to get some more rest, I could hear fog-horns on every side of us, and whistles were constantly blowing. Evidently we were surrounded by

other vessels, all bound for the Channel, and unable to get there on account of the fog. It was a rather perilous situation, for we might have collided with another boat at any moment and gone down without any attempt at rescue. I realized then what a terrible thing these fogs are that shut one out from the world so entirely.

It was noon before we could see daylight, and then, as the curtain of mist was gradually lifted from the water, we saw almost hundreds of boats around us. I never had such a look at the vast commerce of London before, and wondered how many boats there were in the Thames, anyhow. In a few minutes the fog had entirely disappeared, and the sun was shining brightly. The boat put on all steam, and we forged ahead. In an hour or two we were in the Channel, and likely to reach Ostend before nightfall.

I fortunately got through that long, disagreeable day without becoming sea-sick, though several times I was very near being so. I looked for the highest spot in the middle of the vessel, and there I sat, afraid to move across the deck. I had a good time watching the other people, many of whom succumbed, and appreciated the feelings of the pantryman on the voyage across the Atlantic. I took a real pleasure in seeing some one else suffer as I had done.

We didn't get a sight of land until fully ten o'clock at night, when the myriad lights of the seaside casinos became visible. There was a long, twinkling row of them, getting gradually clearer and more distinct, until at half past eleven we entered the slip, and I was in Belgium at last. I was too thankful for utterance to get off that ship, and I vowed to never again ride on any but fast steamers in the English Channel.

When I left the boat and first stepped on Belgian soil, I felt that in truth I was stepping for the first time on the soil of Europe. For England is more like America than a part of the older continent. It was an important moment for me, and for a time I was overwhelmed with that importance. Then I started off at a brisk walk. In London I had purchased a small knapsack and had discarded my dear old band-box, so that I had no unwieldy luggage to carry.

I walked on and on. I hadn't the least idea where I was going to sleep. I couldn't afford to go to a hotel, and it was a foregone conclusion that I wouldn't be able to make any of the peasants understand what I wanted. At this hour they were all in bed, anyhow, and it would be astonishing to find any of them awake. Still, I determined to walk until I found a house with a light in it, and then do my best to make them understand what I wanted. So I walked along, and

the few people I met turned around and stared at me until I was out of sight, and some of them even shouted in merriment, either at my red hair or my knapsack, or at both, perhaps. All this made me very uncomfortable, and I was angry enough to fight all Belgium.

I must confess I felt a little homesick as I walked through the narrow, dark, deserted streets of the old city that night and didn't see any one who looked at all friendly to me. It was terrible not to have any place to sleep, and I thought a good deal of the Illinois home and mother. Yet I didn't wish to be there, for I hadn't seen anything in Europe yet, and I couldn't think of returning without having accomplished what I set out to do.

But I was certainly very tired, and when about midnight I came to an old woman seated in a doorway, I determined to ask her to take me in. She didn't look very pleasant, and to my mind she resembled an old witch more than anything else, yet I decided to make the attempt, for I was too much fatigued to stop at trifles. I therefore went up to her and began to rub my eyes very vigorously, hoping to make her know that I was sleepy.

She didn't seem to comprehend me, though, and actually looked frightened. I then laid my head



on my arm, and at this she arose from her chair and seemed ready to run away at the first opportunity. Then, becoming desperate, I determined to attempt some French. "La Americaine," I said, for that was the only French I knew that fitted the occasion at all. The old woman looked interested then. "Oui?" she asked, and when I hastened to say the same, she seemed satisfied, and went grumbling into the house. She jabbered incessantly and finally agreed to give me a bed, for which I was to pay half a franc.

She lit a candle and took me up two flights of steep and narrow stairs to the queerest little room I had ever seen. Its ceiling was very low and kalsomined a brilliant blue. The window was low also, and the panes were very tiny, while the floor was rough and uneven, but scrubbed as clean as it could be. "Here is a bit of the old country, sure enough," I said to myself. But it was the furniture that took my eye. The bed was so high from the floor that I wondered how I was supposed to get in it. When I stood up I could look over and see the clothes inside, but when I was undressed and wanted to get in myself, I just had to take a run and a jump and land there head foremost. But it was a soft bed, and almost as good as the American ones, so I went to sleep knowing that they had at

least one good thing in Belgium. As I closed my eyes, the chimes in a neighboring church-tower began to peal the hour, and it seemed to me that I had never heard anything so sweetly charming. "How delightful," I said; "it sounds just like real old Europe." The old woman came round with her candle to see if everything was all right, and the last thing I heard was the noise of her heavy shoes on the old staircase.

When I awoke the next morning, awoke to my first day in a strange land, I found awaiting me in the old woman's kitchen a great steaming cup of black coffee, and some warm rolls to eat with it. It looked wonderfully good, and when I came to eat it I found it tasted every bit as good as it looked, only I should have liked some milk in it. But as I didn't know the word for milk in French I couldn't ask for it, and so I went without. I soon became accustomed to doing without things I couldn't ask for, because I had to do it so often. I became very self-denying during the time I was in Belgium, and would have been equally so in Germany had I not been more fortunate in finding people who spoke English.

As soon as I had finished my slender meal, which was all I had anywhere in Europe at breakfast, I made my way to the famous beach at Ostend. It is one of

the most frequented in all Europe, and one of the finest to be found. It is lined for its whole length with great hotels and casinos, which make a fine appearance. The resort is very fashionable during a certain part of the year, and the King himself spends a good part of his time there.

After I had seen the beach, I took a walk through the city itself, and found the contrast rather bewildering. For while the water-front is wholly modern in appearance, the older streets of the city retain all their old characteristics, and present much the same appearance as in the sixteenth century. I found great delight in hunting old buildings with gable windows and pointed roofs, and wondering if some old Crusader had lived therein.

No one can imagine how I felt to be where no English was spoken. I stopped time and again to look about me, and eyed the poor Belgians as though they were pickpockets. I had never before heard much French, and actually held my mouth open in Ostend. The natives didn't speak good French, either, but mixed it with their old Flemish tongue in a very bewildering way. I had purchased a small book of languages in London, but when I looked up words, and pronounced them in ways that I knew were perfectly correct, the people in Ostend only looked at me won-

deringly and refused to understand. So I decided not to depend much upon my "French at a Glance."

It didn't take me long to see everything I cared for in Ostend, and I decided to lose no time in striking out for the interior of the country. I planned to go afoot all the way to Brussels, passing through the oldest district in Belgium, where the people are not much different to-day from what they were in the days of the old Crusaders. I didn't know much about the district. If I had known more, I would have taken a train to Bruges.

## CHAPTER XII.

I PRESENTED a strange picture as I trudged along on the wide road from Ostend to Bruges, with my knapsack over my shoulder, my overcoat in a bundle under my arm and a heavy staff in my hand. My little bicycle cap was set rather jauntily on my head, and I had taken off my shoes, for the temptation to go bare-footed was more than I could resist. It was so long since I had walked with my bare feet, and the road was so smooth and easy to walk upon, that I decided to throw conventionalities aside for once.

The road was a much traveled one, being the main road of all Belgium, and at no time during my pilgrimage was I out of sight of some person ahead of me. It was an interesting tramp, and at one time an exciting one. I was delighted with the queer old farmhouses, the quaint costumes of the people, and with the pretty gardens along the road. The villages, too, which were very numerous, were as a rule decidedly picturesque, with their great square church-towers and little gabled roofs.

The country was level and well cultivated, the fields being full of growing vegetables, with a little barley

and buckwheat here and there. I was astonished at first to see the women hard at work behind the plows, but soon became used to the unusual spectacle, and thought nothing of it after awhile. The men were busy, too, and every one I met was doing something. Even the women going to the cities with produce were knitting diligently as they trudged along the dusty road, and it was evident that they made the best use possible of every minute. It was all so new and strange to me that I felt I was indeed in a strange land and almost as isolated as though I were in Central Africa instead of Central Europe.

I hadn't walked far toward Bruges until my feet began to hurt me, notwithstanding that I had walked many miles in England. The road here was very hard, and paved in part with small stones, which were anything but comfortable to walk upon. But I resisted a desire to rest a bit, and continued on my way, for I wanted to reach Bruges before night. My feet soon became more hardened, and I had no more difficulty with them after this first day.

I was beginning to think that my first day as a pedestrian was to pass without any adventure of any kind, when I passed through a tiny village on the very outskirts of Bruges. I had stopped at a house to beg for some water, and was about to enter the gate, when

I was attacked by two great dogs. I was frightened, and had scarcely presence of mind enough to defend myself, but fortunately remembering my staff in time, I kept them off with hard blows from it until a woman came out and called them away. They were immense dogs, of the kind so common in Flanders, and used to haul wagons about the farms. They would certainly have bitten me had I been without a stick, and always after this I was careful to have a staff of some kind in my hand. The dogs all through the country were quite the most ferocious creatures I have ever seen, mainly because they are so well-kept, and trained by the country folk to keep strangers away.

I entered Bruges just before nightfall and set about finding a place to sleep. After some difficulty in making people understand, I found a small inn where I was given a bed at a reasonable sum, and I depended upon the "Cremeries" for my meals. I slept more soundly that night than I think I ever did before, for it is not easy work to walk all day long in a dusty road. I was pleased, though, with my trial of pedestrianism, and determined to continue it as often as I could. One of the best things about it was that I had saved about three francs in carfare, and three francs would allow me to live three days longer in Europe.

I was up early the next morning, bound for the



"Belfry Tower of Bruges," which I found in the old market-place, looking just as Longfellow described it many years ago. It was delightfully old and romantic in appearance, and has certainly seen many great events in the market-place below. And when I had seen the belfry, I visited the Cathedral, and then the canal, and so on until I had seen most of the ancient places of interest in the city. I was delighted with everything I saw and couldn't look long enough at the remains of the city's ancient splendor. I remembered how I had read of its being the chief city in all that part of Europe, how many of the Crusaders had left from there, and how its commerce was the largest in all the countries round about.

And then I looked at its quiet, deserted streets to-day, and could hardly believe that the two cities are the same. The streets contained more beggars than actual pedestrians, and I could well believe that half the population are paupers. It is said that Bruges has more people dependent upon it for support than any other city in Europe, and all because the leading citizens refuse to conduct their business upon modern principles. It is very pathetic, and it ought to be a lesson to certain other cities in Germany and Austria which are following in the footsteps of poor, deserted Bruges. The spectacle of these idle people and de-

serted streets ought to make them more enterprising and ambitious.

During my stay in Bruges I learned a great deal from experience. I saw how I had been foolish in some things and how I could be wise in others. I learned that it didn't pay to buy chocolate to drink, and that it was poor policy to have any meat unless absolutely necessary. It was soon evident to me that meat was only for the wealthy, of whose number I was not. I went into the "cremerie" during my first day in the city and asked for roast beef, after having spent half an hour saying the word in French, so that I would be sure and have the pronunciation correct.

My labors were rewarded, for the waitress understood me the first time, and I didn't have to repeat the order. When she brought it in to me, I looked at it in disgust, for it was very small, and apparently very tough. But of course I was prevented from complaining by my lack of language, so I ate it without saying anything, except to myself. When I came to pay for it, I was astounded to find that the price for roast beef was one franc, or twenty cents, to say nothing of the rest of the dinner. The price was enormous to my mind, for it was only a cheap restaurant. In a more expensive place no doubt they would have charged me twice as much.

I went away heart-sick, for such an extravagance was wicked, when I was trying to live on at least twenty-five cents a day. I had hoped to get my meat for about six or seven cents, and it would have been a luxury even then. At twenty cents it was terrible. But experience was the only teacher for me in the matter of expenditure. If I paid a big price once, I was careful not to do it again, and in that way I soon learned what my bill-of-fare must be if I wanted to live within my income, which I had figured out as about twenty-five cents a day on the average.

During my first days in Belgium I found my expenses running up to fifty and even sixty cents, and was wild with fear that I would never be able to keep them down to twenty-five. But I finally did so, and my first extravagance was paid for later on in Germany, where I at last managed to exist comfortably on twenty cents a day.

As soon as I had seen all the things that were interesting in Bruges, I set out again on the road to Ghent, which was on the direct line to Brussels. My knapsack, which had been too heavy on my first day's tramp, was lightened perceptibly by the removal of some superfluous clothing, so that now it was very light and easy to carry. It contained nothing save the bare necessities, my journals, a suit of under-

wear, a clean shirt, my little coffee-pot, with some coffee, and a tiny alcohol lamp. With my coffee-pot and the coffee at hand, and the alcohol lamp, I wasn't dependent on "cremeries" for my meals. With a few rolls and these facilities for making coffee I could get along very well.

The road from Bruges to Ghent was more interesting than the one from Ostend. The tiny villages were more frequent and more picturesque, and there were more people traveling towards Ghent. And then I had no further experiences with dogs, which was comforting, for since my adventure on the way to Bruges I had been dreading my foot journeys on that account. I was as much interested as ever in the farmhouses and the farmer folk, but didn't find them very good-natured.

Being thirsty, I went into one of the houses and asked for a glass of milk, making use of the sign language I had been obliged to invent. The woman evidently understood what I wanted, but she only laughed contemptuously, and motioned me away. I was so angry I could have used my staff on her, for she was horrid in appearance, and almost masculine in attire, since she wore bloomers instead of a skirt. I never saw such an utter disregard for appearance as was displayed by all the peasant women I met. They

seemed content to wear just any old thing so long as it kept them warm. And as for colors, the taste all through Belgium was disgusting to me, though I know some people say it is very old and beautiful. I never could see anything attractive in red and yellow together, especially since the trouble with Spain.

I reached Ghent in the middle of the day, and set about immediately on my sight-seeing, for I knew there was much that I wanted to see, and I didn't want to remain in the city longer than two days at the most. After I had visited a few of the most famous places, I decided it was time I was looking for a lodging, and set out in search of a cheap one. And I had a most tiresome time finding it.

I went from house to house, and sometimes I was unable to make the stupid folks understand what I wanted, but in most cases the astute landladies, imagining me to be a foreigner, asked too much for their rooms, and I refused to pay them. At last I managed to secure a very cheap one in the business part of the city, after I had represented myself as a German student, instead of an American.

I was careful to speak no English, and of course I couldn't speak any German, but the landlady didn't know the difference. After this I always planned to be a German student when looking for lodgings, for

those unfortunate young men are proverbially impecunious, and well known throughout Europe for that one quality. Of course the plan was not feasible on all occasions, but as a rule I made a real good German and saved many a franc that way.

## CHAPTER XIII.

I REMAINED two days in Ghent, admiring the ancient buildings, and marveling at the sights which, though old to most people, were new and wonderful to my boyish eyes. Then, having seen enough of old Flanders to last me for some time, I set out again on the road to Brussels, where I arrived in a very short time.

Being successful in finding a place to stay which made but moderate demands upon my moderate purse, I settled down to spend three or four days in the bright little metropolis, which I found to be well-named "petite Paris." My room was a mere attic, away up in the top of one of the houses in the Rue des Prairies, and it was far from being an unattractive little place. The view from the dormer window took in a great part of the city, the great Palais de Justice, the Cathedral and the Horticultural Gardens, which were only a block or two distant.

I established myself very comfortably, so much so that I could hardly bear to leave when my visit was over. I took my little alcohol stove out of my knapsack, and also cleaned my coffee-pot, so that I made

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my own coffee every morning. With a cup of it and some rolls, I fared every bit as well as I would have done in any hotel, and as I also prepared a cold lunch for myself at night, I lived very cheaply, and quite within my income.

When a person lives for twenty-five cents a day in one of the capitals of Europe, however small it may be, he accomplishes a great deal. My dinner I bought at a cheap restaurant a few squares away, and it also was very good, though cheap. I had great difficulty in making the waitress there understand what I wanted, but I soon learned how to call for roast beef and roast veal, and I alternated these two day after day. As I spent but three days in the city, I got along very well on this limited bill-of-fare.

Being settled, and able to live within my allowance each day, I set out with a light heart to see something of the gay little capital. I was pleased with the city from the very first day, for it has a refreshing gayety about it that is noticeable at once to the person coming from staid old England. The boulevards are so bright and crowded with people that one can't help but imbibe the spirit of festivity and take an interest in everything about him.

Every one in Brussels seems to have a good time, and have it, too, without any great effort. The very

beggars in the street have a cheerful expression, and they get along better than in almost any other city in Europe, it is said. For though the Belgians ordinarily are thrifty and saving, they seem to change completely when they come to Brussels.

I had my first experience with boulevards during the first day of my stay in the city, and it was also my last. Being tired with walking, towards evening I came to one of the most attractive of them, and seeing so many people seated at the open cafés on the sidewalk, I decided to try a seat in one of them myself, just to see what such a thing was like.

Of course I couldn't sit there without ordering something, and as I couldn't drink wine and didn't care for coffee, I decided to have a cup of chocolate, because I thought that would be both cheap and refreshing. After five minutes spent in trying to make the waiter understand what I wanted, and after he had brought out several mysterious bottles, he finally brought me a tiny cup of the desired beverage. I drank it all, for it was very good, what there was of it, and then I looked at the check he had given me.

Imagine my feelings when I saw written thereon—1 franc. I could have almost cried from disappointment and disgust. Here I was, living in an attic to save a few cents, and now I had to pay a whole franc for a little

cup of chocolate. It was enough to make me ill, for no one can have any idea of my feelings about money during those days. But there was nothing to do but pay the price, though it was hard to do it. I knew that this piece of extravagance would make me economize in other things for many days, and I was already economizing as much as anybody can. I remembered, though, that I was learning from experience what to avoid in the future, but found this thought but poor comfort.

The cafés, however, seem to be extremely popular with the Brussels people, many of whom spend a good part of their time in them. The men are especially fond of them, and sit for hours at the little round tables, drinking absinthe or coffee, or perhaps wine. They spend their time in these cafés instead of being at work where they ought to be, and allow their poor little hard-working wives to slave their lives away in keeping a grocery or a laundry or some such place.

It went against my American ideas of things to see the Belgian men act this way, and I never saw one of the poor little women but what my heart went out to her in sympathy. Most of the groceries and such small stores are kept by women, and I have often seen one woman attending to several

things at once. They always have their knitting handy, ready to be taken up the moment they have a spare moment, and once I saw a poor creature rocking a cradle, knitting and taking care of a store all at the same time. And after that I bought my few little provisions at that woman's shop.

The International Exposition at Brussels was in full swing during my stay in the city, and of course I visited it. It had been heralded far and wide in Europe, and was one of the leading events of the year over there. There wasn't much printed about it on this side, but it was a very fine affair in its way, and a great thing for the Belgians. Crowds of people visited the capital solely on its account, and I think that on the whole it turned out to be successful. Of course it could not compare in any way with the World's Fair at Chicago, but then Belgium can't compare with our country, and one shouldn't expect it to approach the Chicago Exposition.

Its location, on the edge of the city, was an admirable one in every way, for it was in easy walking distance of any part. The broad avenue leading up to the entrance was thronged with pedestrians, who scorned to ride in the trolley cars, which ran down the avenue and into the grounds.

This main avenue, and all Brussels, in fact, was

gayly decorated in honor of the Fair, and the streets at night were illuminated with lanterns of red and blue and green. There were fireworks, too, and everything was done to perfection that could make the affair a success.

When I walked up to the entrance and saw the great Exposition Building before me I was very much disappointed at first. It was not a grand structure, and not beautiful to look at, but I later learned that it was admirably adapted for its purpose. There were beautiful grounds surrounding it, and fountains playing on the plaza in front of the entrance.

When I entered the building, I saw immediately that though the exposition was supposed to be International, it was in reality mainly Belgian. The greater part of the whole space was occupied with native exhibits, though the foreign countries had small ones.

Germany, England and France, competitors for Belgium's trade, made quite extensive displays, but the other nations had evidently not exerted themselves to make an impression. I was much interested in what there was to see, for the exhibits were all novel and new to me. Everything was very different from anything I had ever seen at an American Fair and arranged in new ways.

I was naturally very anxious to find the American

exhibit, for I thought it impossible that we should have none at all. I was beginning to think that, though, when I accidentally ran across our little coop away up in one corner, far from the madding crowd. I could hardly believe my eyes when I recognized it, and I don't think I was so ashamed of my country at any time during my pilgrimage as I was at that moment. It was simply disgraceful to every American, for there were only a few desks and bicycles in the whole place, and these were evidently there to advertise some industry.

There was also an exhibit of typewriters, I believe, but they were hardly noticeable. I thought to myself that it is no wonder the foreigners have such a poor opinion of us, when we never show them what we can do. They probably think us incapable of producing anything better than bicycles and desks, and they have a right to such an opinion, since we show them nothing else at their Expositions. I didn't remain in the American exhibit long, for I was really ashamed of it all, and was afraid some one would take me for a Yankee and ask me why we didn't make a better show.

The Exposition was well attended on the day that I was there, and every one seemed delighted with what they saw. The poor simple Belgian folk had never



seen anything greater, and imagined that there could be nothing more beautiful than this display. I couldn't help but wish that some of them had been in Chicago for the World's Fair.

There were very few real "sights" to see in Brussels. The handsomest building in the city was the new Palais de Justice, which cost seven million dollars and is one of the finest structures in all Europe. I never looked at it without wondering where the city authorities ever got enough money to build it, for it was built by the corporation of Brussels.

The poor peasants must have had to save and scrimp for many years to pay for such a handsome thing. And though I was in it several times, and saw through every room in it, I failed to see that it was of much use. Most of the elegant rooms were never used, and more than half the building was occupied by the great rotunda and the halls. So the people of the city would have been ruled as well from a two-story brick building as from this wonderful marble palace.

In Brussels I had my first look at the paintings of the old European masters, and before I visited the Galleries I wondered whether I would appreciate the great masterpieces or not. I had never seen many pictures, so I hadn't the least idea how I would be impressed with these. I am sorry to say that I didn't



appreciate them as much as I should, but boys can't be expected to admire madonnas and other unnatural pictures when they can see real live paintings of the actual life of to-day in a neighboring gallery.

So I must confess that I had a much better time at the modern Gallery, and decided that I would have to cultivate my taste for Rubens and Murillo. I did cultivate it later on, but that's another story.

## CHAPTER XIV.

I HADN'T been in Brussels more than a day or two before it occurred to me that I hadn't yet seen King Leopold, who I knew was in the city. I had been unfortunate enough to just miss him the day I attended the Exposition, and on another occasion he had passed by me in the street before I knew who he was. It seemed, in fact, that I wasn't to see him under any circumstances, for on yet another occasion I just missed his carriage.

I had been seated in my attic adding my little account-book, when I heard cries of "*Vive le Roi*" in the street without. I knew at once the meaning of the words, and, all excited at the nearness of his Majesty, I ran pell-mell down the stairs and out into the street, only to see his carriage turning the corner of the block below. I was terribly disappointed, but inwardly determined to see him yet, even if I had to go to the Palais Royal.

I tried, though, to catch a glimpse of him in the street, for I knew very little about Belgian Royalty, and preferred not to enter the palace itself unless I

had to do so. It seemed, though, that I had lost every opportunity of seeing him in public, and I finally decided to go to the palace and see what I could do there. So I went across the tiny park upon which it faces and took a reconnoissance.

The palace was not a beautiful building without, by any means, reminding me of nothing so much as a penitentiary I had seen in Brooklyn. It was surrounded by a high stone wall, and there were iron bars at all the windows on the street. On the whole, it was a disagreeable-looking place, and I wondered what any king wanted with such a house.

There was apparently no place to enter but at the single gate in the stone wall, and this was guarded by two soldiers. I didn't want to make any trouble of any kind, and hoped to arrange everything without a disturbance, so I debated for some moments what I had best do. I at last decided that it would be the best plan to walk in the gate unconcernedly, and perhaps the guard would take me for a messenger and let me pass. So I took on an air of unconcern and marched in, not even deigning to glance at the guards. One of them, I noticed, made a move as if to stop me, but as I walked calmly ahead, he probably thought better of it and let me go.

As soon as I was within the gates I saw before me a broad courtyard, with the main entrance to the palace. I took in everything at a glance. At the entrance were two officers, and from their appearance I guessed that they would be likely to make me trouble. There was no opportunity now, however, to back out, and I was compelled to go up to them and mention my business. They looked at me in astonishment as I approached them, and when I said, in carefully prepared French, "Is the King at home?" their faces took on an expression of mingled fear and curiosity. The foremost one immediately broke out in a tirade of French, and, seizing me by the shoulders, addressed several questions to me in that language, not one of which could I understand.

I began to see, though, why they had seized me, for they were evidently disturbed over the fact that I wanted to see the King. I inwardly reproached myself for not having studied up some other phrase to have used, for I might have known that their fears would be aroused by the idiotic question I had put to them. Meanwhile the first officer continued to shake me and jabber French, and it was some time before I could make him understand that I was English and not a Belgian, or Frenchman either. And then, when I managed to make him understand that, he called



"I FELT LIKE AN ACTUAL CRIMINAL."

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his friend into consultation, and finally sent him off at post haste after some one else. He held me tightly, as though afraid that I might escape, and I was becoming very much frightened, and wished that I had remained outside the gates, where I belonged.

While all this jabbering was taking place, a good-sized crowd had gathered at the gate, and I could see them peering through the bars, trying to see what was taking place. As I saw them there I felt like an actual criminal, and if I had tried to murder the King in truth the interest manifested by the officials could not have been greater.

Finally the one who had gone off returned, bringing two other officers with him, one of whom seemed to be in high authority. He looked me over critically, much as a prospective buyer examines a horse, and then he soon decided what was to be done with me. I could, of course, understand nothing of what passed between them, and I went with them in fear and trembling, for by this time I had begun to imagine all sorts of things that might happen to me. I remembered at that moment every tale I had ever read about the punishment meted out to assassins who had tried to kill the King, and as I supposed that was what I had been arrested for, I naturally expected to be given my choice between hanging and being shot.



The officers, however, were not unkind to me, and when we entered a low building at the other end of the courtyard, which I knew at once to be a courtroom of some kind, I began to hope, for they were evidently going to give me a chance to prove my innocence of any dark designs on the royal person. My jailor led me into this room, and I was motioned to a seat; then, hope returning, and justice in sight, I recovered my senses and demanded an interpreter. I repeated my desire time and again, until they finally comprehended it and made me understand that they had already sent for one. I was made happy by this, for I thought I would soon be able to explain everything.

The interpreter was not long in arriving, for, like every one else, he was taking the liveliest interest in this new turn of affairs within the palace. They were not used to such juvenile offenders, and wanted to know what kind of a person I could be. I soon told them who I was, and how I had come to the palace hoping to see King Leopold, but had been captured by these officers at the very entrance. I told them that I had no intention of assassinating any one, and all I now wanted was to be let alone, that I might get back again into freedom.

I made a strong appeal, I suppose, for the interpre-

ter listened attentively to everything I had to say, and when I had finished he began to repeat my statement to the officers. They were all immediately convulsed with laughter, and the joke was on the grandee who had first arrested me.

I wasn't interested in all this, however, and only wanted to get away as quickly as possible. I ventured to suggest to the interpreter that I was very anxious to get back to my room, and didn't think I was needed here any longer. "Just wait a minute," he said; "I'm not sure but what the King would like to see you now, since you have had such a hard time getting to him. If you're not really in a hurry, I'll ask him."

Of course I wasn't in a hurry, if after all I was to see the King, so I sat down again and smiled at the officers. They smiled back again, and in that way we carried on a conversation during the absence of the interpreter, whom they called Count Duclerc, I believe. The Count, though, was soon back. "Yes, the King will see you right away if you'll come with me; he was much interested in what I told him of your adventures."

So I followed him out of the courtroom, across the yard, and into the palace again, taking the liveliest interest in everything now, for my scare was over with. I noticed with delight the superb interior of

the building, which looked like a penitentiary without and passed from room to room as in a maze. Everything was rich, and yet in the best of taste, and the furnishings were all old and valuable.

The Count took me into a long, richly decorated room, with great glittering chandeliers and a throne at the further end. "This is the throne-room," he said, "and the King said he would see you here. It is seldom that he does this, generally preferring to see people in the reception hall, so you must feel yourself honored." We sat down, I all a flutter with excitement and the Count mildly interested in my feelings. I could hardly contain my admiration of the things I saw about me, and babbled a perfect streak about how delighted I was at the turn my adventures had taken.

We had been there just a minute when the door opened at the other side of the room, and the Count was on his feet in a minute. I followed him, being fearful of committing some blunder if I didn't do what he did, for I had received no instruction as to the ways of the Belgian court. The Count advanced to meet the King, and walked forward with him a few steps. "Here is the boy," he said, in English, "you can tell by looking at him that he is an American." The old King smiled pleasantly. "Yes, he's an American, I guess," he said, as he extended his hand to me. "Sit

down," he said to us both, "and let us have a little talk to ourselves, just informally, you know."

I was surprised at this, but followed the Count in seating myself. "I never knew people were allowed to sit down before kings," I remarked, not thinking how queer the speech would seem to his Majesty. He only laughed, though, and turned it off. "You can before this King," he said. Then we talked about the trip from America, and about my future, and what my expectations were, so that in a short time the King was very much interested in me and in America. "I hope to visit your country before long," he said towards the close of the interview, "and you must come and see me then." I promised that I would, and the interview was over.

The King, in parting, shook hands with me in good American style, and I decided that he was a man worth seeing. He is pleasant in appearance, with a long gray beard and a slight stoop as he walks. His face is a charming one, full of kindness. So I was delighted with what I saw of him and at the wonderful turn my fortunes had taken on this eventful morning.

I went out of the palace with my heart full of gladness, and went up the stairs to my little room two steps at a time when I reached the old house, which

looked more dreary than ever after my glimpse of the Palais Royal. Then I began to put my things in my knapsack, washing out my little coffee-pot and cleaning everything up nice, for early the next morning I planned to leave for Germany, via the south of Holland.

## CHAPTER XV.

WITH my knapsack again on my back, and with my sturdy staff in my hand, I set out from gay little Brussels for Antwerp and Amsterdam, and eventually, of course, Germany. I was sorry to leave the quaint little Belgian capital, where I had been having such a wholly delightful time, and I promised myself that if I ever had an opportunity to visit it again I would do so. My stay had been pleasant in every way, and my visit to King Leopold had been a fitting climax to a whole succession of good times of every description. I had lived, too, within my income, and that was a comforting thought, for if I had thought I had been extravagant, I would have been unable to sleep nights, so intense was my anxiety in this regard.

I planned to go to Antwerp first and see the numerous attractions of that most famous city, and then I would take the shortest route to Amsterdam. From Holland I would go to Cologne as best I could. I hadn't planned this tour in very great detail, but I expected it to take about ten days or two weeks, and my idea turned out to be correct. At twenty-five cents a

day, a two-weeks' trip would cost me three dollars and a half, but after great deliberation I decided that it would be worth that much to me. I was full of curiosity to see those queer old Dutch windmills, and the queer old Dutchmen, too, and then I would get such a good insight into the peasant life of the countries, and that is something worth having.

Therefore I set out contentedly and walked from morning till noon and noon till night. By this time I was beginning to learn from experience how to make my pedestrian trips less fatiguing, and I did not hurry myself at all. I used to stop every time I came to a pretty village, and when I liked a place especially well I stayed as long as I pleased, for time was of very little value to me these days.

I found the Belgian peasantry on the road from Brussels to Antwerp much more congenial than that I met in Flanders, for they were of German stock, with all the delightful characteristics of the friends in the Fatherland. They treated me very well indeed, and if I wanted a glass of milk I could have it usually for nothing, and I never paid more than a couple of centimes for it, which is half a cent in American money. And if I wanted some bread I was given it at equally low rates, and I even managed to get a bed in some places for three cents a night. So I had no reason to hurry,



for instead of my trip costing me three dollars and a half, I had hope of making it only three dollars and a quarter, or even three dollars alone.

But if I lived cheaply in the country districts, I almost made up for it in Antwerp, where I found it impossible to live for less than thirty-five cents a day. I tried to economize in every way imaginable, but Antwerp is the great business metropolis of Belgium, and rents are therefore high.

The city, though, was wonderfully interesting, and in spite of the great expense of living, I remained there for three days, visiting the famous Cathedral each morning and evening, and marveling at the quaint old houses in the narrow streets. In the Cathedral I heard that there were some pictures by Rubens, and I decided to go and look at them. When I arrived at the place, however, I was told that the charge for seeing them was twenty-five cents, and I declined to pay it. I was thoroughly disgusted at the idea of charging admission to churches or anything in them, for it was not according to my American ideas of things.

These pictures at Antwerp are kept covered with a curtain, which is lifted whenever a certain number want to pay a franc for the privilege of looking at them. At other times the pictures are invisible and the worshipers look at bare green cloth instead of at

some inspiring madonna or figure of Christ. I told the keeper that morning what I thought about it, and he said that they must raise money some way. I suggested that they give an ice-cream social on the American plan, but he only shook his head and professed ignorance of anything of the kind. And he didn't even know about the famous "donkey-parties" so popular with us, and I decided that European churches are behind the times.

The beggars in Antwerp were a source of much innocent enjoyment to me, for I did love to watch them following the poor, inoffensive tourists about, weeping and wailing, and begging for a few centimes. There was never any fear of my being bothered by them,—my appearance assured me of that—so I took great delight in witnessing the discomforts of the people with red guide-books in their hands.

The red guide-book seemed to be the signal to the beggars for an onslaught, and whenever they saw one, even if it were only visible in a man's pocket, they set up a desperate howl for sympathy. It is said that Antwerp has more street beggars than almost any city out of Italy, for in Bruges, the city of beggars, they stay at home and wait for people to bring them money.

Everything in Antwerp cost money, even the museums, which I supposed were public. I finally

became afraid to go anywhere, for sometimes it was impossible to avoid paying, because they asked your ticket when you went out, instead of taking it on your entrance.

It made me heart-sick to see my account-book when I was ready to leave Antwerp. There were several items there that I knew should not have appeared at all; the fee for entering the museum of printing, for instance, where I had been unable to understand a single thing the French guide said, and where I had quarreled with the doorkeeper over the price of admission. And then there was the five cents I had spent for bread, when I could have bought some every bit as good for two cents at another bakery. There were other items equally disturbing to my economical mind, and I determined to live on twenty cents a day in Holland or starve.

I wasn't sorry to leave Antwerp, where I had been the victim of so many unscrupulous shopkeepers, and I entered the lowlands of Holland with thanksgiving. I had been in Belgium quite long enough, and felt satisfied that I had seen most of what there was to see in that little kingdom, even including the King in my list of "sights." I was now ready to see something of Holland and the quaint little Dutchmen I had dreamed about for so many years at home, and

which I had not expected to see when I was only sixteen. And then a little later I would have such a fine time in Germany, where I was quite sure every one would be as nice as could be to me, if they were anything like the Americanized Germans at home.

It was a short tramp from Antwerp to Amsterdam, through a very interesting but very unpicturesque country. There were more canals than I had ever seen before in all my life, and so many quaint little huts, with great windmills near by them. The windmills were a source of never-ending interest to me, for they were every bit as pretty as they look on the delft-ware plates, and much more natural looking. The people, too, reminded me very much of the quaint folk in blue, and in fact I didn't have a single disappointment during all the time I was in Holland.

Everything was just as beautiful and as interesting as I had hoped to find it, and every one treated me with kindness and good-will. Holland was the only country where I felt free to be myself for once, and no longer an impecunious German, for the good folk had no idea of overcharging me because I was an American. In truth, they actually treated me, if possible, with greater kindness on that account. They were sympathetic because I was alone and so far away from home and friends, and I met many a good Dutch mother who

was inclined to take me under her wing and treat me as her own child.

It was no wonder that, under such circumstances as these, I managed to live on twenty cents a day and less, and on several occasions men gave me work to do, so that I could earn a little money to add to my slender store. One day in Amsterdam I called on a large firm of exporters and asked them to give me some writing to do in English, and after consulting their man who did this work, they decided that I had come just at the right time, for the regular man had more than he could do.

So I was placed under his supervision, and for two days I did copying for him, and also wrote some circulars on the typewriter, with which I was familiar. I would have remained longer only they had no more work for me after the second day. For what I did, however, they rewarded me liberally, and the money was almost a godsend to me at that time, when I was beginning to wonder if I could make my money last me during all the time I wanted to remain on the Continent.

From Amsterdam I walked more than half the long distance to Cologne, and then, as I was weary, and the rest of the country was very uninteresting, I decided to take a train for the remainder of the way. I thought

myself justified in this extravagance by my economical living in Amsterdam, and my conscience was therefore easy. When I arrived in the village from which I planned to take the train, I inquired for some one who spoke English, for I wanted to find out about the time-table, and when the train would come through. I also wanted to be sure about the fare and as to the time we would arrive in Cologne. But though I tried every way to find some one, there seemed to be no person in the town who could speak English, and I was obliged to do the best I could.

There was nothing to do but go to the station and wait until the train came along, for it was beyond me to read the printed time-tables and understand anything about them. The train might come in a few minutes and it might come at midnight, and I would simply have to wait in the station for it. It was all very disgusting, and if the train hadn't fortunately come along in an hour I would have been inclined to walk, even if it was a long way to Cologne. I bought a ticket when it arrived and jumped into a third-class carriage, which was the cheapest I could get. They have fourth-class on some roads, and I rode in one of them in Germany, but this time I traveled in a luxurious third.

And it was bad enough. The seats were mere hard

benches, and the compartments were so small one could hardly stand up in them. In the same one with me were a peasant woman with three children and a portly gentleman who snored through the entire journey, so I wasn't lonesome at all. I sat there in perfect misery hour after hour, vowing that I would never again ride in a railroad train if I could possibly walk. The country through which we passed to Cologne was low and uninteresting, with windmills here and there, and a lone church tower to relieve the dreary monotony of the landscape. It wasn't even a good farming country, for the land was yellow and full of rocks, and the poor peasants looked as though they were having a hard struggle to eke out an existence.

They were coarse-featured and vicious, for we were passing through Belgium, and they looked ill-humored and ill-fed. I felt truly sorry for them, and had a notion to get out of the train and tell of the glorious farming lands of our great west, where they could make a decent living, anyhow. But the train sped on and on, and there was no stopping to sympathize with peasants.

Finally we arrived at the German frontier, and the train was halted while the customs officers examined our baggage. I say "our" baggage, though I had none save my knapsack, and it was soon passed by the



examiner. He didn't even look into it, and I might have had thousands of dollars worth of lace stowed away. But of course my clothing didn't look as though I had, and boys don't usually carry lace.

The examination was very rigid, though, for most people, and the officers did their work thoroughly and well. They wore the handsome regulation uniforms of the government, with the typical cap and long, buttoned coat. Everything was done up in order, and I would have known in a moment that I was in the Kaiser's dominions.

At this customs station a German railroad train was awaiting us, and we were all transferred to it, for which I was very thankful. This train was superior in every way to the Belgian one, and the third-class carriages were roomy and comfortable. The change was accomplished in five minutes, and then we sped away again towards Cologne, through a country more beautiful than any I had yet seen in Europe. There were low, green hills, and deep blue streams, and pretty white villages with high church spires. It was all so beautiful and so interesting that I fell in love with Germany at once, and have been in love with it ever since.

As we passed station after station I admired the way things were kept in order and the great clean-

liness of everything connected with the railway. The flagmen and switchmen all wore handsome uniforms and stood erect, for the railways are owned by the government, which runs them upon the same principle that it does its army.

Finally, after a two hours' ride, the great Cathedral spire of Cologne became visible, and I was arrived in Deutschland.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN I alighted from the train in that superb railway station at Cologne, I felt more lonely than at any time so far on my trip. The constant flow of German around me, the strange appearance of everything in the station and in the street, served to give me a feeling of being in a far-off country. I came very near being homesick, and had my subsequent adventures not been so very interesting, I would have wished myself back again in London.

I determined, though, to fight the feeling off, and cheerfully shouldering my knapsack once more, I started off across the open square. I had taken but a few steps when I realized that the Cologne Cathedral was before me, and I involuntarily stopped and looked upward. It was impossible to pass the noble structure by with a glance, even if I did feel anxious to get settled before nightfall. It impressed me then as few buildings had done in Europe; its noble spires, its superb proportions and admirable detail compelling me to admiration for the mind that evolved such a masterpiece of architecture.

I think I never before realized the sacred character of a church as I did when looking upward at the heaven-touching spires. It filled my boyish soul with a reverence that years of patient teaching had been unable to instill, and made me glad to be a Christian. And then, not content with looking at the exterior, I mounted the broad steps and entered the beautiful nave, only to marvel more and more at the wonderful majesty of it.

I sought a seat near the aisle, for the evening mass was taking place, and as the dim twilight came in through the art glass windows, throwing an air of sacred mystery over it all, I worshiped as I had never worshiped before. I must have remained there quite a while, for when I went out the twilight was fast deepening into night. I had been so entranced with the beauty of my surroundings that time passed unnoticed.

As soon as I saw that darkness was not far off, I hastened down a side street near the Cathedral, bent on finding a cheap lodging. This street looked as though it might be a cheap neighborhood, so I knocked at the door of one of the cleanest houses and inquired for a lodging. How I ever made the woman understand me I don't know, for I didn't know a word of German, less even than I knew of French. But

somehow she comprehended my signs, and taking a pencil she marked on a piece of paper the price she wanted for her room. I looked at it, and, as I had studied German money at school, understood what it was. Though it was not by any means high, it was more than I wanted to pay, and I refused to take the room.

I then had to go to other houses, and visited three before I finally found one cheap enough. It was six cents a day, and I thought that with economy I could get enough to eat for the nineteen cents that was left for me to spend each twenty-four hours. So I took the room, unpacked my knapsack, fixed my little stove, and prepared to be comfortable during the few days I planned to stay in Cologne. I didn't know just how long I wanted to remain, for I hadn't any idea how I would like the city or how much it would cost me to live there.

The next day was Sunday and a rainy day, so that I had to remain within the house most of the time, since I hadn't yet learned to be out in all kinds of weather. Later on in my pilgrimage I found actual delight in being out in the rain, but on this Sunday the house seemed more attractive, poor as it was. As I sat there in the tiny room, I would have been very homesick had I not put in the time in writing letters

to people at home. I also wrote an article for the Chicago paper, and one for the New York one, because I hadn't sent them anything for a long time. While in London I had written every week, but as I had heard nothing of them I had ceased to be very zealous in my writings. But all during the trip I sent something every little while, though I often doubted if any of it was printed. I was determined to keep my part of the bargain whether they kept theirs or not.

It was also lots of fun on this rainy Sunday to make coffee in my little pot and prepare my own meals. I had run out of coffee in Holland, so I had been obliged to buy some the night before, and I found it very cheap, and very good as well. I also bought some black German bread, which wasn't so satisfactory. At first I couldn't bear to eat it at all, but gradually I learned to like it better, and before I had been in Germany many days I ate it altogether. And black coffee and black bread was my Sunday dinner that day, because I hadn't been able to get anything else before the stores closed the night before. And as I ate my black bread, I thought of the chicken and mashed potatoes that the folks at home were having, and I came very near wishing I

was there ; just for the day, of course. A boy can't help wishing such things sometimes.

I attended services twice at the Cathedral, for I seemed quite unable to keep away from it long at a time. It enchanted me more and more with each visit, too, and before I left Cologne I had been there almost half of my time, examining the paintings and the works of art. And the thing I wished most was that we had such a church at home, so that I could have it always before me. I'm sure we'd all be better Christians with it there.

It was in Cologne that I had my first dreadful experiences with the German language. I hadn't been in the city two days before I was trying to learn some of the most simple words, so that I might get along better in my subsequent journeys in the country. But try as I would, I might as well have tried to learn Arabic as German, and I didn't seem to make any progress at all. I would get hold of some word and pronounce it over and over again, trying each time to say it as the natives did, and then I would venture to use it to some of them myself, only to have my spirits lowered. For they never seemed to understand me, and though I used to think they pretended ignorance with a purpose, there was nothing to do but depend on signs.



Signs, however, though valuable, are not worth much on some occasions. I recall many experiences when I would have been better off with a knowledge of the language, and where my signs were useless. In Cologne itself I had one adventure that might possibly have had a serious ending. I was passing a small shop, and seeing some stuff in the window that looked exactly like white vanilla taffy, I determined to buy some. I hadn't tasted any sweets since leaving England and had a great longing for them. I entered the shop and, pointing to the stuff, made the woman understand I wanted some, giving her five pfennig in payment. She wrapped a few pieces up and I went out happy. But I hadn't gone far before my feelings were changed. I had put a piece of the stuff in my mouth and the taste was the most horrible imaginable.

It was bitter as it could be, and yet it had a sweet taste, too, and I thought that perhaps it was the German idea of taffy. It wasn't soft, but looked as though it might have been at one time, and I decided to try another piece. The taste was so abominable that it was interesting, and I thought perhaps I might cultivate a liking for it in the same way I had done for black bread. But no, it was simply intolerable, and I hastened to a fountain to wash my mouth out. That taste remained with me for two days, and I de-

terminated to ask the first English-speaking German I met what that stuff could be. In a few days I met one who could speak English, and I thought he would go into hysterics when I showed him my treasure.

"Why," he exclaimed, between laughs, "my boy, you might have died had you eaten enough of that. It's a kind of disinfectant." I know I turned pale, but he assured me that the danger of any ill-effect was over now, and I inwardly determined never to buy anything again without knowing just what it was.

While in Cologne I had an insight into many German customs, and some of them were very uncomfortable customs. I came near leaving my lodging when I discovered that the landlady had given me a feather tick to sleep under instead of a quilt. I thought she was imposing upon me, when in fact the poor woman was trying to do me a kindness. It is the custom to sleep that way, and a custom worthy of some nation of barbarians, it seemed to me.

I explained to the landlady that I would rather have a quilt, if she had one to spare, and she sorrowfully removed her feather bed. She was a good-hearted soul, and somehow she received an impression that I was going to remain with her through the fall and winter. I had told her that I was a student, as I had by this

time come to believe myself to be in truth, and I suppose she drew her own conclusions from that. And when I explained to her that I expected to go off up the Rhine in a day or two, she was very much hurt, and explained that she would not have rented me the room so cheap had she known I was only a transient visitor. But I in turn explained the condition of my purse, and after an argument of some duration, in which I talked by signs, she agreed that I should have it at the price originally agreed upon. But I immediately began to fear that I would always be in trouble about the rent of rooms, for if one German woman misunderstood me the rest were likely to do so, too. But thereafter I made it a point to settle everything beforehand.

I looked forward to my tour of the Rhine with great delight. I was anxious to explore the famous river that I had heard about from my cradle up, and there was an old picture of it in one of my school readers that made me wild to see it. I had never been able to forget that picture, and took infinite delight in hunting the very spot it represented when I was once started up the river.

The Rhine at Cologne was not encouraging to one who had pictured a silver stream flowing between green mountains, for there it was a dirty yellow and

would have flowed through a marsh had the city not erected embankments all along. But I knew that it might be pretty farther up, and wasn't discouraged from making the tour. I planned to do it all on foot, for the roads looked good in every picture I had seen, and I knew I could observe things better by that mode of travel. The great steamers plying between Cologne and Mayence looked attractive, but I had only to inquire the fare to give that plan up without much consideration. The railroad ran along the banks, but I decided that it would be far more romantic to do it all on foot, and, what was more important, it would be much cheaper.

## CHAPTER XVII.

DURING the first day of my pedestrian tour up the Rhine I was determined to make good time, but found it very hard to walk along unconcernedly when a most wonderful district was being constantly unfolded to my view. I had proceeded only a few miles from Cologne when the famous river became narrow and more clear, so that its waters looked really silvery.

The banks on either side became higher and higher, until at last they approached the dignity of mountains, and such wonderful mountains they were. Their sides were one mass of green, partly forests and partly vineyards, which looked purple from a distance, and gave a marvelous effect to the landscape. The stream, now silvery, flowed between these walls of bright green, and a broad road ran along between the mountains and the river, over which I took my way. I could hardly keep from stopping every moment and looking at the panorama spread out before me, it was so new and wonderful to my boyish eye. I had never before seen any mountains, and these were such lovely ones, too.

All day long I resisted the temptation to stop and climb some one of them, for I was anxious to get well started this first day. I could stop when I reached the upper part of the river, where it was said to be even more beautiful. My knapsack grew heavy, and my feet grew tired, but still I kept steadily on, until the sun began to sink in the west. Then, as I came to a turn in the road, the most beautiful country I had ever looked upon opened before my eyes. It was the region of the Seven Mountains, and seven great glorious piles of green opened before me, their sides dotted with picturesque ruins and modern palaces, and their summits crowned with purple clouds, for the air was heavy that day. I stopped, lifted my knapsack from my shoulder, and feasted my eyes on the lovely scene. Then I decided that I had gone quite far enough for that day, and nothing seemed so desirable on earth as to spend one night in this fairy-land before I left it, perhaps not to see its equal again.

So I went to the little village of Konigswinter, and found a tiny room where I could sleep. Then I lit my stove and cooked my coffee, looking out of the window all the time at the superb mountains, and the river winding in and out among them until it was lost in the hazy distance. And I felt

thankful that I was able to see it, for it seemed worth many years of my life.

After my little supper was over I went out and climbed to the top of one of the mountains, passing through great forests that looked as though they were a thousand years old, and over rocky paths that were taking me I knew not where. It was all romantic, and grand, and beautiful, and I never felt more thoroughly happy than when I stood in the midst of these relics of centuries ago and looked down on the peaceful valley below me. The very air seemed charmed, and everything was wholly beautiful.

As I climbed up and up, passing the great cave where lived the dragon of "Siegfried" fame, and penetrating the great cool forests, I experienced a sense of exhilaration that I had never felt before in any other place, and I said to myself that it was no wonder Wagner conceived such grand operas in the midst of surroundings such as these. When I finally reached the very summit and looked up and down the river for miles, the silver of its waters looked like a ribbon, winding to the sea. And on the summit I found an ancient ruin, the remains of some old feudal stronghold, and I took infinite delight in exploring every nook and corner of the decayed walls. It was so new and so delightful.



I need not say that I dreamed that night of great dragons living in forest caves, and of a beautiful castle, with knights riding up the mountain side to enter it. My whole mind was filled with the wonders about me, and it was but natural for me to dream of them.

When I awoke in the morning, I decided to spend the day in exploring the ruins, for they seemed to be innumerable. Across the river from Konigswinter was another picturesque village, and above it were more purple mountains, and more ruined castles. Indeed the neighborhood was teeming with beautiful scenery and charming legends, so that it was real pain to tear myself away from it.

My second night I spent in Rolandseck, two miles up the river, and there I learned something about German hotels. I reached the village at nightfall, and, though I looked everywhere for a room in a peasant house, I could find none, and there was nothing to do but go to a hotel. This was terrible, for I fully expected to be charged an outrageous price and I couldn't afford it, not having earned any money since leaving Amsterdam.

But I didn't propose to walk about all night, so I selected the most modest of the hotels, and it was hard to find a modest one, too, and asked for the landlady. She appeared, and to my delight she spoke

English very well. I told her my circumstances and said that I couldn't afford to pay more than seventy-five pfennig for a room. She hesitated, but finally said she guessed I could have it for that, since I was only a boy. So I secured a dollar room for fifteen cents, and retired to rest with a satisfactory feeling.

And though I didn't often have to stop at hotels in Germany, when I did I always managed to persuade the landlady to give me a room for fifteen cents. Whether they did it because I was a boy, or because they needed the money, I do not know, but if they had charged more I would have been in duty bound to have walked all night on more than one occasion.

The question of cheap living in Germany, though, was easy of solution compared with France and other countries I visited later. I would have been able to live on my twenty-five cents a day with ease had I not by accident discovered a way to live for fifteen or twenty cents a day. It was great good luck that I did discover this cheap way, for it helped to save money that was very necessary indeed to me later in my journey.

It was my custom along the Rhine to reach some village about nightfall and find a place to sleep, usually furnishing my own food. When I reached a village, I always went up to some pleasant-looking

peasant woman and said the one word "schlafen," which I learned had something to do with sleeping. I never did understand its exact meaning, but it always answered my purpose, for the women invariably gave me a room in their own houses, or sent me to some neighbor where I could get one equally cheap.

One night I entered a village about midway up the river, and following my usual plan, I accosted the first woman I met and used my single word. She understood me at once, and calling her little boy, she instructed him to take me somewhere. I hadn't the least idea where I was going, but followed him obediently. He led me across the entire village, greatly to the delight of those who happened to see my staff and knapsack, and finally arriving at a low white building he pointed to it and made me understand that I was to enter. He then left me while I went into the building.

I met a neatly attired woman in the hallway, and because I knew nothing else to say, I said "Schlafen?" She nodded, and I supposed that was all right, and then she went out and called some one. In came a great fat German, and he motioned for me to enter the front room. I did as he told me, and the "front-room" was a revelation to me. It was a long, hall-like place,

filled with tables, at which a great many men and boys sat eating and drinking and smoking. Everything seemed immaculately clean and orderly. The men were of all ages and descriptions but were clean and looked as though they were thoroughly respectable. Some of them were very old, eighty years, perhaps, and others were only boys, little older than myself. They were most all drinking the inevitable beer, while others were eating, and still others smoking. There was an air of homelike comfort about the room that was very delightful, and everything seemed decidedly cheerful and pleasant.

I seated myself on one of the benches, supposing that the landlord would soon return and show me up to my room. But though I sat there several minutes he didn't come back, and I was beginning to wonder what was up, when he entered and saw me. He immediately motioned for me to take off my knapsack and my cap, and I then began to understand things. This was apparently some kind of a hotel, and this large room was the general sitting-room, dining-room, and smoking-room all in one. Things were beginning to get interesting, and I anxiously awaited the next move on the part of the landlord.

In a little while every one began to order things to eat, and they called my attention to a bill-of-fare

tacked up on the wall. I looked at it, and though I couldn't read it all, most of it was decipherable. The following were some of the items upon it:

Potato Salad.....	1 cent.	Coffee.....	1 cent.
Two Eggs.....	2 cents.	Hash.....	2 cents.
Bread.....	one-half cent.	Potatoes.....	1 cent.
Soup.....	2 cents.	Boiled Meat..	3 cents.

I read it once, and then again, for it seemed almost impossible that it could be true. I couldn't believe that they could afford to sell things so very cheaply. But every one was ordering them, and paying very little, so I finally decided to try it, too, especially as the food brought to the others looked clean and good.

So I had some potato salad, some bread and some coffee, and as it was so very good, and I was hungry, I also ordered some hash, wondering if it would resemble the American variety. It also was good and I began to think this a wonderful place.

I ate my supper, the best I had enjoyed for some time, with great relish and began to await further developments. I wondered if the rooms would be as cheap proportionately as the food, and tried to imagine why I hadn't been shown to my room, instead of being made to sit there in the large room.

I took my journal out of my knapsack and began

to write in it, for almost every one in the room was writing letters or post-cards, and I thought it safe to do as the others were doing. So I wrote until I saw them all lay aside everything, even their pipes, and sit up straight in their seats. Then I also laid away my work, and was surprised to see the fat landlord with a great book in his hand. He stepped out into the middle of the room, and opening it, began to read.

Of course I couldn't understand a word and thought I might as well go on with my writing, but the landlord called to me and motioned for me to pay attention. So I listened to it all, and could see that it was the Bible he was reading. This seemed more strange than anything yet, and I was glad that I had managed to discover such an interesting place.

When the landlord finished reading he repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then, taking a candle, he led us all up stairs. But before going up we each signed our names and addresses in a large book, and told him how much we wanted to pay for a bed. There were some for four cents, some for six and some for eight. I decided to take one for six cents, because I was afraid to try a four-cent one the first time.

We reached the top of the stairs, and five others



and myself were shown into one room. There were six beds, every one as clean and nice as they could be, and the room itself was equally wholesome. The landlord stood by with his candle until we were all in bed, and then he went away and shut the door.

I went to sleep with a straw tick over me for a covering and slept soundly until morning, when we were awakened by our host. We all washed in a sort of trough, and then went down stairs again and heard him read the Bible and pray. For breakfast I had bread and coffee at a cent and a half, and felt well fed after it, too.

By this time I began to see that this was some kind of an institution, for on the wall was a list of *Herberge zur Heimaths* in all parts of Germany, and they were all as cheap as this one, so the sign said. Therefore I asked the landlord about it, and he explained as well as he could that it was a Christian institution, a sort of German Y. M. C. A., and was for the convenience of men traveling about the country on foot.

So ever after this I asked immediately for the *Herberge zur Heimath* when I entered a town, and I never spent more than fifteen cents a day for my accommodation. It was a godsend to me, and I never appreciated anything so much as I did these quiet little inns. Should I ever visit Germany again I would stop



at these same little places, for I wouldn't care for better accommodation. My new discovery saved me from the inconvenience of cooking for myself, so that I put my little coffee-pot away while I was in Germany, and didn't have to buy any more alcohol.

Thus I proceeded up the Rhine, living on fifteen cents a day and beautiful scenery, for the scenery was really food and drink to me.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

I WILL always remember my pilgrimage up the Rhine as one long dream of happiness. Having solved the question of cheap living so easily, and having such a keen appreciation of the beauties all about me, I enjoyed that trip as I did no other during my whole time in Europe.

Everything along the noble river seemed perfect in itself. The quaint little villages, just large enough to fit in between the mountains and the stream, were beautiful in every detail, in their queer old churches, in their tumble-down shanties, and their narrow, winding streets. Some of them looked as though they had been transplanted from some village a thousand years old, and I was delighted with their antiquity, as Americans always are, they say.

I walked from early morning till late at night, unless I found some place especially beautiful, when I would look for the *Herberge zur Heimath*, and prepare to stay until I had enjoyed its wonders to the full. The road I traveled lay along the very bank of the river all the way, so that not a single ruined castle nor a single

village escaped me. I think I saw them all, and saw them thoroughly, too.

I had but few startling adventures, and no extraordinary experiences that amounted to anything. My main difficulty was to make myself understood, and on some occasions that was impossible. Whether I was stupid, or whether it was the Germans, or both of us, I do not know, but somehow I had great difficulty in making them comprehend my signs.

I can never forget the night that I was compelled to walk in the rain for hours and hours, simply because the peasants refused to understand my wants. I had reached a very small hamlet at dark, and the sky was covered with black clouds, which threatened to rain at any moment. I was in a hurry to find a shelter, and I knocked at the door of the first house I came to. There were no inns, and no other town within several miles. A large peasant woman came to the door, and I said "Schlafen?" and made the usual signs. To my surprise she slammed the door in my face, and whether she did it from misunderstanding me, or whether she was simply mean, I never knew.

I was disheartened at this first failure, but went to another house not far away, and when this door was opened I put the same question to her. She, too, to my surprise, closed the door, though she didn't slam it

as the other woman had done. She said something, too, though of course I couldn't understand her. I determined to try the next house, and met with the same result. I was then very much concerned and determined to see how far this thing would go. To that end I visited almost every house in that tiny hamlet and couldn't persuade any one to take me in for the night. I have often wondered why it was, and have never invented an explanation.

Since they wouldn't take me in, there was nothing to do but keep walking until I came to a larger town, where I could find a *Herberge zur Heimath* or an inn of some description. So I started off, and had proceeded but a short distance when the great storm that had been threatening broke in all its fury, and in a minute I was drenched to the skin. The wind howled along between the mountains, and the rain blew steadily in my face, but still I trudged on, for I had learned not to fear a summer rain. I walked for several hours, and then, as no town appeared, I decided that it would be better to seek some shelter along the road. I found an old ruin on the lower mountain side that was dry within, and curling myself up in my overcoat I fell asleep, on the same ground where some old knight had lain him down to rest. I passed a pleasant night, after all, for it was

very romantic to sleep in such a place. But if it had been winter I might have suffered severely from the action of the people in the hamlet.

As I proceeded up the river I made little side trips into the mountains and valleys on either side, for some of them were very delightful and as quiet as though belonging to another world. Others, however, had been discovered by the hordes of tourists, and were no longer so interesting as they would otherwise have been. In some of the valleys were famous watering-places, and I used to visit them, too, but not to stay over night, for the charges were enormous at all of them.

I one day met a party of Americans who were going to Homburg to see the Emperor of Germany, and when I asked them why he was there they said that a grand review of the troops was taking place, and that the King and Queen of Italy were there also. I needed nothing more to make me go. Two such potentates as these were worth going some distance to see, and I immediately shouldered my knapsack and started off for Homburg.

The next few days were among the most wonderfully interesting of all my trip. When I arrived in the famous watering-place and settled in a little house in the suburbs, I set out to see what was happening.

I found that I was just in time to see the main review, which was to take place that afternoon on the plains without the city. So I hurried through the streets, which were filled with handsome carriages and richly dressed people, and arrived at the great open plaza where the review was to take place. I was indeed just in time, for the Emperor and the King of Italy were already in their places, and the two Queens were following them in a carriage.

The scene was perhaps the most brilliant I had ever seen, excepting the Jubilee, for the rich uniforms of the officers, together with the handsome gowns worn by the women, made a charming picture in the open air. Of course I was more interested in the Emperor and the King than in any others, and I took up my position where I could watch them through it all.

In a few moments I saw a magnificent spectacle. An immense body of cavalry came moving majestically across the plain, and they began to canter when they arrived opposite the Emperor. It was a wonderful scene, and I was moved by these magnificent troops as by nothing else. When the cavalry had passed, the Emperor's own guards came along, their breast-plates shining brightly in the sun, and their superb uniforms making a beautiful picture. Then, when they in their

turn had passed, there came troop after troop of other horsemen, and I began to wonder how many there were, anyhow. The cavalry, however, was not half of the review, for the infantry began to come as soon as the horsemen had gone.

And I think I never saw so many soldiers in all my life as I did that one day, for there were about two hundred and fifty thousand, some one said, and all in the very finest condition.

The Emperor rode up and down the entire line during the passing of the cavalry, followed by King Humbert, but he merely sat quietly on his horse during the infantry review. His face wore an expression of great satisfaction, and what King could help being proud of such a wonderful army?

The Emperor made a fine figure on horseback and was cheered continually by the troops, so that there was a perfect din all the time. His uniform was very simple, and yet beautiful, and on the whole I was very much impressed with his appearance. He was so fine looking beside the King of Italy, who is much smaller than the Emperor, that he looked actually handsome, though in truth he is not. The King wore an Italian uniform and rode well, but was only a secondary personage in the presence of the Emperor William.



The two Queens sat quietly in their carriage, both of them handsome, and both beautifully attired in tailor-made suits. When the review was over they drove off immediately, with the Emperor and King Humbert in the carriage with them. The immense crowd cheered, they all bowed graciously, and I had seen the Emperor William and King Humbert for the first time.

The next day I met, by accident, some Americans from New York, who happened to know the Emperor. They were to see him this day, and then he was returning to Berlin. They seemed to think it no important event, and since they looked at it in that light I wondered if it would be rude for me to ask them to take me with them when they went. I decided to mention it, anyhow, and did so. They were puzzled at first about what to do, and I was wishing that I hadn't spoken, when they arrived at a solution of the question. They said that it would be impossible for them to take me along with them, but for me to be at the hotel when they went in to see the Emperor, and if possible they would ask him to shake hands with me, anyhow. I joyfully consented, and that afternoon I dressed up in the best I had, which was, of course, very poor.

At three o'clock I was in the hotel, just outside

the entrance to the Emperor's apartments, and I hadn't waited long before my friends appeared. They were on their way out, and I eagerly asked them if they had thought to ask the favor of him. "Yes," they said, "run right in now, tell him who you are, and shake his hand ; then run right out again. It will be all right ; you needn't be afraid. We told him your history, and he said we might send you in."

I thanked them and hurriedly opened the door and entered. The footman seemed to expect me, for he conducted me through a hall and into a pleasant sitting-room. There, in an arm-chair, I saw the Emperor, and as I entered he looked up with a smile. "O," he said, "you are the Yankee boy." I was almost too much frightened to say anything, but managed to blurt out that I was that boy, and then I shook his hand. Somehow I was more frightened than when I saw the Queen at Windsor, though the Emperor smiled kindly and spoke pleasantly. I didn't stay at all, but simply thanked him for his kindness and went out again.

At the door were the people from New York, and they were anxious to know what I thought of the Emperor. "O," I exclaimed, enthusiastically, "I think he's simply fine," and that expressed my feelings exactly. For he had seemed on the whole such a very

different man from the cross, stern person I had expected to see, that I liked him immensely, and after that I couldn't say enough for the German Emperor.

Such were my experiences at Homburg, and as soon as they were over I again shouldered my knapsack and set out on my pilgrimage. It seemed so strange, though, to talk with Kings and still have to walk from place to place in order to save carfare.

## CHAPTER XIX.

FROM Homburg I walked, day by day, to Heidelberg, where I again set up light housekeeping on a small scale. There was no Herberge zur Heimath there, and I didn't succeed in finding an inn cheap enough. And anyhow, I planned to spend several days in the grand old city, and it was more pleasant to make my own coffee and fry my own eggs than to have it done in some cheap restaurant.

My stay in the old college town was one of the most thoroughly pleasant of any in Germany. I was fortunate enough to meet some Americans who were residing there, and since they were very wealthy and were engaged in writing, they had no difficulty in finding some work for me to do. I used to copy manuscript for them, and sometimes I ran errands, so that on the whole I managed to make myself very useful to them, and they paid me well for my work.

This was one of the most fortunate things that could possibly have happened to me, for by this time

my original sum of forty-five dollars had dwindled down to only fifteen.

I had spent almost two months on the journey through Belgium, Holland and Germany, and of course I had spent a very great deal more than my twenty-five cents a day during the latter days along the Rhine. I had allowed myself to buy various souvenirs to bring home, for I had an idea that I might be able to make some money when I reached Paris, if I ran short on the way to that city. And I felt that I had been wonderfully economical on the whole. I had taken a long side journey from the Rhine district over to Dresden and to Munich, and then I had come back again to Heidelberg, before going to Switzerland.

It was no wonder that I had spent thirty dollars, for I had traveled many hundred miles during the two months since leaving London, and had seen many places and people.

My conscience, though, was beginning to hurt me when I arrived at Heidelberg and earned this bit of money to go on with. It was only five dollars in American money, but it was as valuable to me in Switzerland as thirty dollars would be here at home.

I spent almost two weeks in Heidelberg, devoting my afternoons to exploring the wonderful forests and

mountains in the district round about the city. I had a most delightful time, and when I came to leave for Switzerland, I found it hard to tear myself away, I had grown to love the place so well. But I hadn't any too much time left for the remainder of my journey. I was even then thinking of going home in time for Christmas, if possible, and it was now nearing the first of October.

It was late, too, for visiting Switzerland, but I had a purpose in going there at this time. I guessed, and rightly, too, that the hotels and fashionable resorts would be quite deserted by this time, and I would be able to exist much cheaper than would have otherwise been possible.

So I set out for Basle with everything more sure than for some time past, and arrived in the Swiss city without adventure in three days. I had passed through the Black Forest district on the way, and had explored the quaint streets of ancient Freiburg, so that I left Germany feeling that I had seen most of what was good to see.

I was somewhat disappointed when I reached Basle. I had always thought of Switzerland as a region of great mountains and deep blue lakes, and here there was neither mountain nor lake. I consoled myself, though, when told that I would be sure to see my fill

of both when I reached Lucerne, which I planned to visit next after leaving Basle.

At Basle, though, I had my last glimpse of the lovely Rhine, to which I had become so much attached during my pilgrimage along its banks. Here in Switzerland it flowed full and strong between great high banks, as clear as crystal and as blue as the sky above. It looked but little like the river at Cologne, and I have preferred to remember it as I saw it at Basle, so very pure, so young and full of life.

I was pleased with Basle from the first, and therefore pleased with Switzerland also. I liked the modern appearance of the streets, and I loved to hear the gongs on the trolley cars, for they reminded me so much of dear Chicago. The streets were exquisitely clean and well paved, and the entire city had a thrifty appearance that was almost American. I began to think that Switzerland was the most up-to-date country I had seen, but what I saw later dissipated that idea.

The tramp from Basle, over the low mountains and hills to Lucerne, was almost like a dream to me. At every step the beauties of the country became more and more evident, and I was in raptures the whole time. I simply raved over the picturesque little chalets on the mountain sides, and couldn't find words



to express my admiration for the deep blue lakes in the valleys.

It was all getting more and more like the Switzerland I had dreamed about, and when at last the glorious snow-capped peaks about Lucerne came into view I simply sat down on the ground and lost myself in admiration. It was beyond my wildest dreams of beauty, and I scarcely dared to move for fear it would all fade away in the mist. How glad I was at that moment that I had been ambitious and was there seeing nature in her highest beauty instead of sitting in the office at Chicago.

It was night when I finally arrived in Lucerne, and I set about finding a comfortable lodging, for my first day in the mountains had been the most tiresome one I had yet experienced. I wasn't in a frame of mind to look far, so when I saw a tumble-down place called the Hotel du Boeff I immediately engaged a room. I think "Hotel du Boeff" means Hotel of Cow in English, though I'm not sure. My room was as tumble-down within as the hotel was without, but I cheerfully brought out my coffee-pot and set to work making something hot to drink. Then I turned down my dirty bed and went to sleep.

The next morning I had what was my first real view of Switzerland. I jumped out of bed at six

o'clock and went to my window. There I beheld a sight such as I had never expected to see. Below me, stretched around the end of a deep blue lake, was the ancient city, with its quaint old buildings and vari-colored flags. At the end of the lake were the Alps in all their glorious raiment of snow and ice, and as the sun rose slowly in the East their tops were tinged with a wonderful pink, so that they glowed as though with fire.

I stood there in my night clothes and looked and looked, intoxicated with the beauty of it all. I must have remained there a long time, for the sun was high above the mountains before I lit the fire to make my coffee. And as I went about that tiny, rickety room, I didn't notice the rough, uneven floor nor the bugs upon the bed, for I was thinking of those great snowy giants and the deep blue lake. One doesn't mind a little discomfort when he can feast himself on the beauties of Nature, and the cup of weak coffee and crust of hard bread are luxuries when eaten amid such surroundings.

I lost no time after breakfast in taking a thorough look around the city itself, and then inquired the way to the Rigi, which was the most accessible of the range about Lucerne. I imagined that from its summit I would be able to look right down into the

wilderness of snow and ice on the Bernese Alps, and I determined to climb it on foot, for I knew the fare on the funicular railway to be about ten dollars, more or less.

So I purchased a good strong mountain pole and set out for the foot of the mountain. It was nearly five o'clock when I reached it, and I decided not to attempt the ascent until early the next morning. I found a lodging in the hut of a kindly mountaineer and slept more soundly, if possible, than I had ever slept before.

Already the fresh mountain air was having its effect, and I realized that I needn't have any fear of getting sick while in lovely Switzerland.

I was up before dawn the next morning, and before the sun began to rise I was well up on the side of the mountain. The great forests, sturdy from long exposure to the cold mountain blasts, were all about me, and there seemed absolutely no life anywhere. As the day dawned more and more brightly, I began to see the greater snow-clad peaks far, far above me, and I climbed with greater zeal, for I was so anxious to be on a level with them, where I could look right into their frozen fastnesses.

I couldn't see below me for some time, for the valleys were full of a thick white mist, that beat

against the mountain side as the waves of the sea against a crag. The mist seemed cut off as cleanly as with a knife about half way up the mountain, and the rest of the peak was plainly visible. Gradually the vapory substance was driven away little by little, and finally I looked down into the peaceful, quiet valley, and saw the villages just awaking for the day. I saw the shepherds driving their flocks out to green pastures on the lower slopes, and I saw the wood choppers set out from their cabins with axes on their shoulders.

From the great eminence on which I stood the people looked like mere pygmies in size, and though I could see their every movement, I couldn't hear a sound. Everything was as quiet as death, and I realized that I was walking near heaven. For if there be a heaven on earth, it is certainly these high altitudes of the Alps, where one can hold communion with the great Almighty in his own temple.

But I mustn't preach. I kept on climbing up and ever upward, using my strong pole to aid me, until at last, when noon had come, I stood on the very highest point of the Rigi. Below me were the four cantons of Switzerland after which the great Lake of Lucerne is named, and I could see their cities and their hamlets, their mountains and their plains.

Lucerne itself was plainly visible, though from such a height it seemed to belong to another world, and I could see the numerous blue lakes stretched out like mirrors between the mountains. It was a view never to be forgotten, and it would be impossible to express my feelings in words. I never before realized the lack of sufficient superlatives in the English language, but on this day I wished with all my heart for words to express my emotions when looking upon these wonderful works of Nature.

When I descended the mountain that night I felt that there was nothing in the world so fascinating as mountain-climbing, and I determined to climb every great mountain I came to after that.

It would be useless for me to try and tell of half the many adventures I had during the succeeding weeks spent amid the glories of the little republic. I climbed over the mountains day after day, reveling in the exhilaration that came to me from the delightful exercise and in the superb scenery that seemed to abound in Switzerland as plains do at home. And each moment I found some new wonder to marvel at, and I found it quite impossible to tire of the new pleasure which had come to me.

I think that I speak truly when I say that I enjoyed myself more in Switzerland than in any other coun-

try I visited, for my days were dreams of delight and my nights dreams of days of delight to follow. I found that I could live reasonably enough in the mountains to permit of my spending some time in the country, so I didn't hurry myself on from place to place, but took time enough to fully appreciate every neighborhood I visited.

I found the Swiss peasants inclined to be gruff and surly sometimes, but, as a rule, I managed to get along very well with them. They were content with small sums of money for food, too, and were evidently unused to wealth in any form. And since most of them live on the slopes of the high mountains year in and year out, it isn't much wonder that they are unsophisticated and have small ideas of the world without their own canton.

I made it my especial object to travel through districts seldom frequented by most tourists, and though that is comparatively a hard thing to do, since the country is so small and the tourists so numerous, I very often managed to surprise some sleepy little hamlet that had been without a stranger within its gates for many months. The natives all swarmed about me in idle curiosity, and I was compelled by necessity to broaden my system of sign-language so that I could carry on a conversation with them. They

invariably treated me with consideration in these out-of-the-way places, much better, indeed, than the more worldly ones were in the habit of doing.

From Lucerne I went over to Zurich, and from Zurich I ventured into the Austrian Tyrol, for I was most curious to see the famous inhabitants of that district. I found them every bit as interesting as they were always said to be, and spent two very delightful days in one of their picturesque villages. Their music was wonderful, and their costumes as quaint and pretty as those of some ancient people of Asia or Africa. It was indeed hard to realize that they were as much Europeans as my friends in London, and more, in fact. And then, when I had seen the Tyrol, I went west again.



## CHAPTER XX.

ONE morning, during my trip west over the Bernese Alps to Berne, I decided that it would be delightful to walk from the tiny village in which I had spent the night over three large mountains and into another village. I understood that there was a trail which was easy to follow, and that I would see some of the finest scenery of the Alps by doing so, and save several miles' walk by the short cut.

So I was up early and ready to start out by dawn. I had eaten nothing but my usual breakfast of bread and coffee, and felt as well as ever in my life. I looked forward to the long climb with delightful anticipation, for I had been told that I would be able to see the great Jungfrau in all her glory, and look down into all the other great Bernese Alps besides.

It was a most delightful prospect, and as I ascended the lower slopes of the first mountain, I hurried myself as much as possible, for I was anxious to reach the height from which I would be able to see the Jungfrau glaciers.

I soon passed all the villages on the slopes, and before ten o'clock I was nearly half way up the mountain, and walking along a level plateau which was covered with forests of fir trees. All about me was that deathly silence so peculiar to high mountains, and I might have been entirely out of the world from all I could hear or see of it.

I suppose I was going along thinking of the wonders about me, and then perhaps of home, and what the people were doing there, when all at once I looked up and around me and discovered that I was no longer following a path. There was no trail to be seen anywhere about, and, so far as I could judge, I was in a very different place from what I should have been had I been following the path. It was a startling discovery to make all alone in a terrible wilderness, and, at a loss to know which way to go, I stood still and trembled, and then looked ahead of me.

I saw that I stood on a slope, covered with great trees, through which I could see a great ravine below. I decided, after great deliberation, that if I kept on walking I might possibly come to a path that would take me to the top of the mountain again, and I thought I could then continue my journey in safety. I knew it would be useless to try and find the path I had lost, for in a forest such as that I would become

more bewildered every minute, and finally lay down to starve to death.

Little by little I began to realize the seriousness of the situation. At first I had not thought it anything more than a loss of time, for I supposed I could easily find another trail leading to the summit. But now, as I sat there on the grass and thought it all over, I saw that I might not be able to find any path out of this wilderness, for I was in one of the most deserted places I had ever seen. I realized that it was within the bounds of possibility that I might be left there to starve to death, or perhaps to be devoured by wild beasts, though I had never seen any in the Alps.

I determined to go forward, however, and explore that great ravine I saw before me, so I walked with difficulty down the slope. I was actually weak from hunger, for bread and coffee is a slender meal to climb mountains upon, and also weak from fright, for I had begun to imagine all sorts of things that might happen to me. I was only a few minutes in coming to the bottom of the slope, and there I beheld a terrible sight. The mountain, instead of descending gradually into the ravine, was chopped off all at once, and a great precipice was the result.

I stood there, though, and looked over it into the deserted ravine. There were other mountains all

around it, all of them forming precipices which seemed almost insurmountable, and some of the mountains themselves were so high that I could scarcely see their summits. The great Jungfrau, with her ice and snow, formed the wall on one side, and cascades of snow were continually falling into the ravine. Every few moments I could hear a great noise as of cannon, and I knew that the glaciers were crashing down her sides, perhaps to crush some poor goat-herd on the slope.

The ravine seemed absolutely desolate of any living thing, and there was no habitation in sight on any of the mountain slopes. A great torrent of water from the glaciers poured through the ravine and disappeared mysteriously at the lower end, being probably absorbed by the earth. Great boulders, the largest I had ever seen, were strewn over the earth, and on the whole the scene was grand, desolate and yet interesting in the extreme.

After I had been seated on the precipice for some time, I determined to climb down into the ravine, for time was passing rapidly, and I had no intention of spending the night in this horrible place if I could help it.

I imagined that if I were in the ravine I could see if it were possible to climb any of the other moun-

tains, and so find some dwelling, perhaps. So, by the aid of my mountain pole, I succeeded in climbing down the face of the precipice without accident, and when I once reached the bottom, I made haste to explore this wonderful place, which looked diabolical enough to have been a haunt of Satan.

I found a great piece of a glacier at the lower end, and this I explored thoroughly, and I also found the great boulders interesting. I hadn't much heart, though, now, for exploring, save for the purpose of getting out of the place. I carefully examined every mountain about me, and decided that I might possibly be able to climb the lowest one of them, though it would be a dangerous task. It made me more weak than ever to think of it, and I sank down upon the ground, and would have cried had the situation been less serious. But when I had such a problem to solve, I knew it would be a waste of time and strength to cry. I was homesick, though, horribly so, and wished with all my heart that I were in Illinois.

Finally, upon looking at my watch, I saw that it was nearing three o'clock in the afternoon, and here I was, still waiting to be rescued, when I knew that no one would be likely to come there if I remained a thousand years. So at last I simply made myself get up, and though I nearly fell from faintness, I made



"WISHED WITH ALL MY HEART THAT I WERE IN ILLINOIS."

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myself start to climb the precipice leading to the lowest of the mountains. The danger of this made my strength return to me, and I scaled it without accident.

Then I had the great mountain before me, and I started resolutely to climb it, for I was almost sure that I would see a hut of some kind from the summit. Therefore I was encouraged to climb as hard as I was able, and at last, about five o'clock, I reached the summit. I looked joyfully about me, expecting to see some habitation, but imagine my despair when I saw instead another mountain rising just before me. I thought I would faint, and only saved myself by great effort. I sat down on the ground again and wondered what would become of me now.

I was by this time beginning to feel the pangs of extreme hunger, and with them came despair. It was nearly an hour before I could gather strength enough to attempt this second mountain, and I think I should have laid there all night had I not had that ravine in my mind all the time, and I feared that some wild beast might come and attack me.

At last I made the ascent, and I can scarcely remember my feelings. My senses were so benumbed that I scarcely had any, and I can only remember that

when I had reached the summit it was dark, and away in the distance I saw a cabin light. Then the next I knew I was in the tiny hut of a mountaineer, and the morning sun was streaming in at the window.

As far as I could ascertain from the man, I think I must have reached his hut by my own efforts, and he had taken me in and revived me, for I had fainted at the door. The next morning he set me on my right path again, and I was perhaps none the worse for my adventure.

After that, however, I was very careful not to climb any but the best-known mountains, and in fact I climbed but a few more all during my stay in the country, for somehow the sport had lost its zest for me. I had been too much frightened and too near starvation for me to want to try it again.

After my adventures in the Bernese Alps, I made my way to the quaint old city which is the capital of the Swiss Republic and remained there three days. I was delighted with it from the first, for in addition to having the charming views that are a part of every Swiss city, it had many old historical associations that were an endless source of interest to me.

I thought during the first day that I might have been in some Italian city, for the buildings in Berne are bright colored and the streets have a very Italian

aspect. There are numerous fruit-stands and open bazaars, and the people themselves were so sun-burned that they could have passed for natives of Italy.

The city was a very gay little place, and the streets were filled with carriages just as in the larger capitals of England and France. The Parliament was in session at the time, and the fashionable season was just commencing, so that I saw Berne in all its beauty.

Of course as soon as I heard that the Parliament was in session, I determined to have a look at it, just to see what it was like. I had seen the London one, and though I didn't expect to make comparisons, I wondered if the Swiss one would be as fine a body in proportion to its size.

I had no difficulty in finding the modest building which serves as a Capitol for the Swiss Republic, and mounting the steps I looked about for the hall in which the Parliament meets. I saw a sign indicating the direction, and passing through several hallways I finally arrived at the door of the chamber. I went right in, never thinking that I was on the floor of the chamber, but supposing that it was the gallery I was entering. I was soon set right, though, for an official came up to me and explained things as well as he

could in German. I made haste to get out, and entered the gallery.

I was agreeably surprised at the sight I saw down on the floor of the chamber. There was as fine a body of men in session there as I had ever seen anywhere, and the appearance of the whole was very creditable to the government. The only strange thing I noticed was that three different languages were used by the orators, one speaking in French, another in German and still another in Italian while I was there.

After I had remained some time in the Parliament, I decided to see if I couldn't find the President of Switzerland somewhere in the building, and walking along the corridor I saw the word "Praesidunt" upon a door and decided that the room within must be the office of the head of the Republic.

I don't know what ever put it into my head to go in there, but I thought it too bad to be so near a President and still not see him, so I decided to go in, notwithstanding the fact that the word "Private" was on the door, in German, of course. I opened the door ever so little at first and looked in. There at a large desk near the window sat an old man, who was evidently the President of Switzerland. There was no one else in the room, and since I had gone so far as

to open the door, I decided that I might as well go on in.

As I walked across the floor the old man looked up, and I could see that he wasn't glad to see me. But I went right on to his desk and began to talk to him in English. He asked me then if I didn't speak German or French, and I told him that I didn't. "Then who are you?" he exclaimed, in poor English; "where did you come from that you can't speak French and German?" I came very near laughing. "Why, I came from America, of course."

The President came near jumping out of his chair, and from that time on he was interested in the conversation. He laid his pen away and leaned back in his chair, priming me with question after question about myself, and America, and any number of other things. He was very congenial and laughed heartily at some of my statements, so that I soon felt wholly at my ease with him, and could hardly believe that I was talking with a real President.

The President had a very high opinion of America, though he wouldn't admit that it is as good a republic as Switzerland. He said that they never have any strikes or disturbances such as we have, and when I said that we only have them because we were such a large country, he laughed.

I told him that if Switzerland were as large as the United States she would have the same thing, and there we sat, a President and a Yankee boy, arguing about which is the greater country. It was all very amusing when I thought of it afterward, but at the time I was so much in earnest that my whole heart was in the argument. I really think that I came out ahead, though the President wouldn't agree to what I said.

I think I remained there twenty or twenty-five minutes, and I never enjoyed myself more. I fell quite in love with my new friend and was sorry that I felt obliged to leave for France so soon. When I said good-bye he told me to be sure and see him when I came to Switzerland again.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THOUGH I had enjoyed myself so much among the glorious scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrolean Alps, I was by this time beginning to long for a glimpse of that beautiful France about which I had read so much. I was beginning to tire of the chill nights in the mountains, and to wish for a gleam of fresh warm sunshine, which I hoped to find in La Belle France.

All my life I had read in books of travel, in novels and in histories of the glories of the land of Napoleon, and I had come to look upon it as a veritable paradise, with charming scenery, a delightful climate, and people that were everything to be desired.

In fact, I had looked forward to seeing France with greater anticipation than to visiting any other country in Europe, so it was with happy heart that I set out on my journey towards the frontier of the great republic.

I would have ridden had I been able to afford it, for I thought I couldn't reach Paris too soon, but by this



time my stock of money had run so low that I was seriously concerned about what I was to do. My stay in Switzerland had cost me more than any other trip, and I had been unable to make any money while there.

I had still a very few dollars left, enough, perhaps, to allow me to reach Paris all right, but what I would do when I did reach the gay metropolis I didn't know. I tried to believe that all would be right, and that I shouldn't cross any bridges until I came to them, but somehow I would worry, and I would half starve myself to save what little I had. That was my nature, and it was a good thing it was, for it doesn't do to be too happy-go-lucky in a strange land.

I looked forward to my long journey through the provinces of Eastern France with mingled pleasure and dislike. I knew that I would enjoy myself if I had enough money to live comfortably upon, but if I had to starve myself I wondered if it wouldn't be better economy to take a train to Paris direct, and thus save a week or more of anxious suspense. When I reached the Capital I hoped to find some letters awaiting me from the papers in London and at home, for I had sent articles to both and expected a remittance in return. If I didn't find any money awaiting me,—well, I didn't know what I would do.

My first glimpse of the beautiful country that I had imagined I would see was really funny in a way. I had arrived in the first town within the border one clear October night, and was happy to think that I had at last arrived in France. To-morrow I expected to see the beautiful hills and the warm, delightful sunshine, and I would walk, oh, so many miles and be much nearer Paris at night than in the morning. So I made my cup of coffee and ate my bread and cheese, and went to sleep to dream of La Belle France.

When I awoke early the next morning I looked out of my window and saw that a drizzling rain was coming down, cold and dreary and disheartening. I think I could almost have cried at the sight of it, for it was a terrible disappointment. The idea of a cold, dreary rain, and a chill wind, too, in the glorious country of France. It was enough to discourage one. I determined, though, not to let the weather keep me from proceeding on my way. I had fortunately brought my overcoat along, and my knapsack was waterproof, so I thought that the rain could harm nothing but my feelings, and they had already become proof against most anything.

So, shouldering my knapsack, and carrying my mountain-pole, for I was determined not to lose it, I set out, and tramped along the muddy, miry road for

hours, saying bad things about France in general and Eastern France in particular.

I hadn't yet seen much of the people, for it was dark when I reached the village the night before, and it had been too early for them to be up when I left. I was not long kept in ignorance of them, however, for while trudging along disconsolately I saw three figures of some kind ahead of me on the road. At first I could hardly decide if they were cattle or men, for they had no shape at all, and moved along in the rollicking, lazy way so popular with cows. I soon saw, however, that they were men, though I decided at once that they were poor specimens. They really looked more like wild beasts than human beings, and I have never seen such creatures anywhere else on earth. They were clothed in great bloomers of some kind, and wore a flowing jacket of calico, which made them look like windmills in the breeze.

I wasn't long in catching up with them, and the nearer I came to them the more disgusting they were. They were almost deformed, and entirely unshaven, so that they looked like dressed-up monkeys. Indeed, I could compare them to most any beast and not miss them far. They were talking in a gruff, growling tone that really frightened me as I passed, and I knew enough French to understand that they

were swearing at every other word. "So these," I said to myself, thoroughly disgusted, "are the brave 'Sieurs' of France about which I hear so much;" and I was angry enough to hate France, and Frenchmen, too, forevermore. I knew, of course, that these men were not in the majority in France, but it was enough that there should be any of them at all.

Having seen the men of France, I waited to see the women, and in the next village my curiosity was gratified. I was much better pleased with them than with the men, for they were better all around. Most of them, to be sure, were far from being the fairy ideals I had built up in my imagination, for I, like many people, had a mistaken idea that every French woman wore her hair pompadour, powdered and painted, and lifted her dress almost to her knees in crossing a street. I also supposed that they continually smiled and looked pretty, so it was little wonder that I was disappointed at first.

But I was agreeably disappointed, for, instead of finding the women all fashion-plates, I found that most of them were energetic and courageous, and that many of them were busy supporting their worthless husbands, who spent most of their time in sipping wine. My heart went out to these women right away, and I found a new grievance against French-

men. It was no uncommon sight to see the poor little women, every one of them pretty and refined, taking in washing, and, perhaps, keeping a small shop at the same time. They reminded me very much of the women in Brussels, only they worked much harder, and did it more cheerfully, too.

I used to wonder why they allowed their husbands to act that way, but I suppose they have been used to it for centuries. In the olden times their lords and masters probably went off to war under the banner of some petty king, leaving their wives and families to get along as best they could, and now that there is no war they continue to go, but to the cafés instead of the wars.

I had many and varied adventures during this disheartening pedestrian pilgrimage to Paris. I found the people inclined to be rather austere and unpleasant, especially as I was foolish enough to try and be a German. I didn't think of the hatred borne the Germans by the French, but after I had been shut out of houses a few times, I decided that I had better pretend to be an Englishman, since it would be safer, though more expensive in a way.

But even when I told them I was English they often treated me with disdain and refused to take me into their houses. One night I was turned away from

door after door, and since there was none but an expensive hotel in the place, I was obliged to sleep under a tree all night, for I was economizing as much as I possibly could.

The next morning I had a very bad cold, which grew worse as I went along, until, at last, I was seriously alarmed about the condition of my lungs. But I still plodded along toward Paris day by day, when I really should have been in bed, with medical attention.

But, though I passed several sleepless nights, I finally grew better, and I was thankful, more thankful than I could tell, that I did. During those dark, wretched days I had realized to the full the position I was in, and I knew what would be likely to happen had I been taken seriously ill in the sparsely (comparatively) populated districts of Eastern France.

And I realized then as I never had before what a venture I had set out upon when I left New York that day in early June, and though I wasn't yet sure that all would come out safely, I was thankful for the success that had attended me so far on my journeys. I looked back and saw what *might* have happened, and then what did happen, and found that I had been very, very fortunate.

By this time I had fully determined to try and be in Mattoon for Christmas. I was beginning to feel the



effects of the numerous hardships through which I had passed, and felt that I would have seen enough when that time came. I had already accomplished a very great deal of all that I had set out to do, and could return home satisfied that I had vindicated my ability to do what I said I would do, and doubtless my trip would benefit me in more ways than one upon my safe arrival in New York.

Before a week had passed I was more anxious than I can tell to see the towers of Paris, but there still remained many miles for me to traverse. I had not thought how far it would be, for, instead of taking me one week, it took me two, and I would have been even longer had I not ridden for nearly a hundred miles.

I became so very tired and discouraged one day that I succumbed to a desire to ride in the train for once, so that I could have a change and a rest. I knew that I could ill afford the extravagance, but I was reckless then, and when I found that I could ride nearly a hundred miles in an "omnibus train" for little more than fifty cents, I decided to do it.

I didn't know what an omnibus train was like or I might have preferred walking, but I soon discovered its peculiar qualities. I found that it was a train carrying many cattle and some men, of the sort that I described a while ago as much resembling cows.



And of the two sets of passengers, I think I would have vastly preferred to have been in with the real cattle, for they didn't swear all the time, and get drunk and throw things all over the car. And that was what the human cattle did, so that I was thankful when my hundred miles was up.

I still had a good many miles to walk to Paris, but in about three days I arrived at Fontainebleau, with the city a few miles farther on.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE month of October was more than half gone when I arrived in Paris, the city to which I had looked forward with such pleasant anticipations. The trees on the grand boulevards were beginning to shed their leaves, and light jackets were worn on the promenades.

And yet, though the season in London was dead at this time, the gay French Capital was just beginning to wake up from its long summer rest, and to put on the air of frivolity that every one expects to see. Undoubtedly I had come to Paris at a very good time to see her in all her gayety and light-heartedness, for the boulevards were filled all day, and all night, for that matter, with a thoughtless, joyful throng of pleasure-seekers.

My first impressions of Paris were very favorable ones. I had expected to see a great, busy city, with everything beautiful, and seemingly it was all so. I had expected to see many beautiful buildings, and I had found more than I had hoped to find. So I was very happy during the first few days, and I was in

danger of becoming as ardent a slave of the city's beauty as are most Americans in Europe.

When I arrived I expected to spend at least a month in the city, if I found it possible, and with that end in view I searched diligently for a cheap lodging. But though I went from the Opéra to the Luxembourg, and from the Lyons depot to the Arc de Triomphe, I didn't succeed in finding any room cheaper than seventy-five cents a week, and I finally took one in the Opéra district at that price.

I then prepared to do light housekeeping during my stay, and fixed myself very comfortably in my tiny room in the sixth story of a lodging-house. I went out to one of the open bazaars and bought a little skillet, upon which I cooked eggs, and on one memorable occasion a piece of horse-flesh. My coffee-pot was of course with me, and I had some coffee left from the pound I bought in Cologne. So on the whole I thought I would be able to live very cheaply, though not within my limit of twenty-five cents a day.

By this time I was almost entirely without money. I had still a five-franc piece in my pocket, but that was little more than enough to pay my room rent for the week, and I must have something to buy my food with. I was worrying about the state of affairs during my first day in the city, when I all at once bethought

me of my mail, and I hurried over to the express office which was my address in Paris. I fully expected a check from either the papers at home or the one in London, and it was with an air of great confidence that I entered the office. I was overjoyed when the clerk handed me three letters, one from home and two from London. I hastened into the reading-room to open them, and I tore the one from home open eagerly. I felt quite sure it was from New York, and I must confess I was disappointed to find that it was from mother, though it was of course welcome.

Being disappointed in the first, I opened the second with fear and trembling, for I was afraid that it might not contain a check either, though I saw by the envelope that it was from the London paper. My fears were not groundless, for I read that they hadn't been able to print the article I had sent owing to unavoidable circumstances.

I let the paper drop from my hands on to the floor, and I leaned back in the cushioned chair. I was in despair, for where was I to get my next meal from or how was I to get back to London, if I went back at all. It was a terrible situation for a sixteen-year-old boy to find himself in, and it was little wonder that I sat there with my eyes closed, trying to find a way out of the difficulty.

At last I jumped up, determined to make a way of some kind and remembering my determination to persevere at any cost. I tore open my other London letter and found it to be from the old lady at the inn. She had thought that I might need a word of comfort, so she had just sat down and written me this letter, she said, and nothing in the world could have been greater comfort to me than her little note, in which she said that I would surely succeed if I kept on as I had started out in London.

I went back again to my little room to think of ways and means to make some money. I decided to first call on the American consul and see if he had anything for me at the consulate, so that afternoon I went to see Mr. Gowdy, who I found to be a typical westerner, and as good and kind as he could be. I told him that I would like something to do at the consulate, but he said that he was sorry but he had nothing at all that I could do. I didn't tell him that I had but one franc in my pocket, and that I didn't know where to get my next meal, for I was yet proud and didn't want to compel him to help me.

I went out into the street again and up to the embassy, where I saw General Horace Porter. He, too, had nothing for me, and as I didn't tell him about my extreme poverty, he didn't offer to find me anything.

By the time I had visited the embassy and the consulate, night had come, and I was obliged to go back again to my little room. I made a cup of coffee and ate a roll, and then went to bed. I slept soundly, for boys will sleep under all circumstances.

When I awoke in the morning I took another cup of coffee and another roll and went out into the Avenue de l'Opéra to see some American firms whose stores I had noticed there the day before. I first visited a stationery store, but found that they didn't need any help, and then I went into an American jewelry store. To my great joy they told me that they thought they could use me for a few days, anyhow, because the boy they usually had was ill, and they needed one who could speak English.

So at last I had found a chance to earn a little something, and I hurried back to my room overjoyed. I was to go to work the next morning, and that afternoon I took that franc of mine and bought a piece of what I thought was beef, and some bread and potatoes, so that for one day at least I was in Paris without a cent. I cooked and ate my meat, which I soon saw was horseflesh, and my potatoes, and I had a better meal than I had enjoyed for many a day. To be sure, I hadn't a cent to buy any more, but on the morrow I would go to work in the jewelry store and earn enough to pay my expenses, anyhow.

The next day I started in, and I proved satisfactory to the employers. They decided to keep me three weeks, until the other boy was better, and as three weeks was as long as I cared to stay in Paris if I was to sail for home in December, I was well satisfied with this arrangement.

My financial difficulties being settled for the time, I set about to thoroughly see Paris. Early in the mornings, at lunch time, and in the evening I went around from place to place, until, when I finally left the city, I felt that I knew pretty much everything there was to know.

I visited all the great art galleries time and again, for I could easily run over to the Louvre and the Luxembourg at lunch time and spend a few minutes with the great masters. Then at night I would go up and down the brilliant boulevard, revelling in the light, the gayety, and the music, and admiring the beautiful costumes of the women. The men I passed by with a sneer, for Parisian Frenchmen I found to be quite as bad in their way as the provincial ones, small, wrinkled, and blasé.

I soon learned things that took away a great deal of my love for the city on the Seine. I saw the misery existing in the narrow back streets off the boulevards, and I saw the poor students of the Latin quarter.



And the sight of their sufferings took away the glamor from the beauties of the boulevards, and I saw that there are two sides to Parisian life.

I went one night to hear the opera, and also to see the world-famous opera-house. Both were superb, though I thought that the opera itself wasn't so good as what we have in Chicago every winter. The theater, however, is certainly without a peer for elegance and sumptuous decoration. I was wonderfully impressed with it in every respect, and wished many times that I could afford to go more than once, if only to see the theater.

It was a very fashionable night when I did go, and the boxes were one mass of scintillating beauty, beautiful women, beautiful gems, and lovely gowns. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten, for I had never seen anything like it before in my life, and I don't know that I ever will again. I had a very good seat for thirty-five cents or thereabouts, and I wished that we could hear opera in America for the same price. I would want it to be better opera, though.

I soon found that Paris is quite the most expensive city in the world in which to live. It is not the rents that are so high, but food. The reason for this seems to be that every particle of produce coming into the

city is taxed, and naturally the price, ordinarily high, is much increased. But this is only one of the reasons why Paris cannot be properly enjoyed except by people with wealth.

Doubtless it was my own poverty that prevented me from falling in love with the city as most tourists do, for an empty stomach is never a cheerful affair, and especially not when those about you are having a delightful time.

But every one in Paris doesn't have a good time, as I think I said before. There are more beggars there than in any of the larger cities I visited, save Antwerp. They were everywhere, even at the doors of the churches. Indeed, they frequent the churches more than any other place, and I was often so disgusted that I refused to enter them. They used to stand in line, up and down the steps, holding out their hats for alms.

Even at the door of grand old Nôtre Dame they begged, and if a person didn't give them just as much as they expected, they would mutter curses on his head. You may be sure that I had plenty of them muttered for me, because I never gave any of them a centime, principally because I didn't have it to give.

I found great delight in hunting up the historical places in the city, and as it simply teems with them, I

was kept busy in the evenings and mornings. But it was worth a great deal of hardship to see the places where Napoleon and the various Louis's had lived, and died, and plotted, and finally been dethroned or guillotined.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

AT the end of my three weeks I left the jewelry store and prepared to return again to London. I had already seen most everything that I cared to see in Paris, and as November had arrived, and the weather was becoming uncomfortably cool, I thought it better that I should be back in London, where there was much that I wanted to do before sailing for America.

Before I left gay Paris, however, my tremendous appetite for interviews again asserted itself. It was about this time that President Faure returned from his visit to the Czar of Russia, or rather he had returned some time before, and the papers were still filled with stories of his journey.

He seemed to me a most remarkable man, and since I knew that he was being talked about all over the world, he was decidedly a man worth interviewing. And he was exceedingly popular in Paris at this time. He never appeared in public without being enthusiastically received by the excitable Frenchmen. His carriage was always followed by great crowds,

and cheer after cheer went up. I had never seen anything like it. I had read about the great receptions that were given Napoleon and the old French kings, but I never expected to see the same thing in the modern and up-to-date Republican government.

The President lives in the Palace of the Élysée, which was for some time the favorite residence of the great Napoleon. It is a superb structure, in the very heart of Paris, and surrounded by a great wall that is perfectly impassable. There is but one entrance, and soldiers guard it day and night, in addition to patrolling up and down the street without the gates.

I wasn't very glad to see so many soldiers about when I went one day to see how the ground lay. I knew that with them there I would be likely to have some difficulty in getting in to see M. Faure. As usual, though, I determined to try, anyhow.

The first thing I did was to write him a letter. I knew he could read and speak English, and thought perhaps that would be the best way to reach him. I made it very strong and persuasive, and I flattered him a great deal, knowing that it is dear to the French heart. And after I had mailed my letter I waited for an answer, but though I waited in great anxiety for three days, all the time that I could spare, I received no word from the Élysée.

It was evident that I would have to find some other plan of seeing him, and naturally the first thing that suggested itself to my mind was to go to the palace and try to walk right in. The foolishness of this, however, was soon made apparent to me. I went to the palace, and I attempted to walk right in, but the soldiers wouldn't let me pass without knowing my business, and I knew if I told them what I wanted I would never get in at all. So I was compelled to think of still another plan. For a day or two I found it impossible to conceive any other way of entering, and I came very near giving up in despair and leaving Paris without having seen M. Faure at all.

But I kept on thinking, and finally I one day evolved a monstrous scheme. It most took my breath away at first, but the more I thought it over, the more feasible it appeared to me.

This was the plan ;—could it have been more bold? First of all I would go to a clothing store and rent a dress suit for one day. I knew of a place where I could do this for a very small sum. Then I would go and get a cab and drive up to the palace in style. Once arrived, I would send in a card, and upon the card I would put the name of some fictitious German nobleman, so that M. Faure would be sure to see me.

The cab and dress suit would overawe the guardsmen at the gate, I thought, and the card would gain me admittance to the palace itself.

I didn't stop to think what the possible consequences of such a thing might be, or I would never have carried it out, but I went right on with all the enthusiasm of Yankee boyhood, and was happy in the belief that I was playing a good trick upon those horrid soldiers at the gates.

It was a Monday that I selected for the day to put the plan into execution. I had no difficulty in procuring the suit, and I also borrowed a tall hat, for I wanted to look as old as possible. My only fear was that they might think me too young to be paying calls on my own account.

I put the things on in my tiny room, and then sent the janitor out to get me the best-looking cab he could find in the Place de l'Opéra. I looked at myself in my mirror and decided that I made a very good-looking nobleman, notwithstanding the red hair, which I imagined detracted from my appearance. The cab was soon at the door, and I jumped in, shut myself up tight, and ordered the man to drive me to the palace. "And drive right in when you reach the gate," I said, for I didn't want any trouble with the soldiers.



We were not long in arriving at the gilded gates of the palace, and as the driver went rapidly into the courtyard, the soldiers raised their hands in salute. They must have been expecting some grandee, and imagined that I was him. I was willing to take his place, anyhow.

I alighted at the carpeted steps of the main entrance and mounted them with considerable awkwardness, for my position was an uncomfortable one just then. By the time I had reached the top, however, I had partially recovered my equilibrium, and I waved the cabman away with satisfactory grace. Of course I had paid him beforehand or I wouldn't have dared to dismiss him.

When I opened the door I found several servants waiting in the hall, and they all bowed low. I gave my counterfeit card to the first one I saw, telling him in French that it was for the President. He immediately withdrew, and was only a few minutes in returning, when he murmured a lot of unintelligible stuff that I couldn't understand at all.

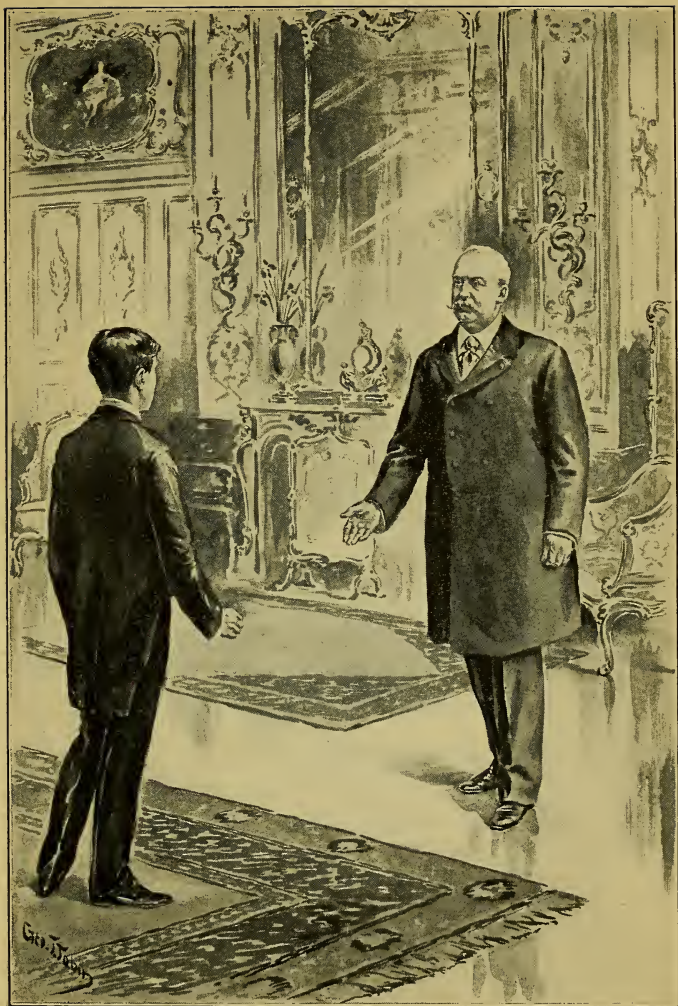
I was afraid that he was going to take me at once into the presence of the executive, and I was frightened at the prospect. I wanted some time to collect my thoughts before encountering that dignitary. But I followed him, nevertheless, and to my great relief he

showed me into a magnificent apartment where I was quite alone. It was a beautiful room, and I could think of nothing but the surroundings during all the time I was there alone.

The President himself was not long in coming, and I knew him as soon as he entered the room, for his pictures are much like him. He is a very handsome man, with a distinguished appearance, and I was a bit awed in his presence. I kept my self-possession, though, and was feeling quite comfortable when he began to speak.

His very first words sent a chill over me, and I'm quite sure I trembled. They weren't terrible in their meaning, I suppose, but alas, they were German. Of course I couldn't understand them, and was wondering to myself why he spoke German to me, when I remembered all at once that I was a German nobleman, and would naturally be expected to speak my native tongue. I hadn't thought of any such contingency as this before my arrival at the palace, and now that I realized my position I wished myself at the North Pole, or anywhere away from Paris. It was terrible, and there was no way out of it all but to tell everything.

While all these thoughts were passing through my mind, and I was growing hot and cold by turns, the



"HIS VERY FIRST WORDS SENT A CHILL OVER ME."

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President of France stood looking at me. He was wondering why I didn't reply to his greeting, and I thought from his face that he probably suspected something.

Then I hesitated no longer, but came right out in plain English and told him the story of my ambition to talk with him, how I had been unable to gain admittance at the gate, and how I had foolishly decided to call under a false name. I told him all my story, and I was so truly penitent that I came very near crying. I was afraid, too, that he might decide to do something awful to me for punishment, and when I had finished my recital I eagerly scanned his face to see how he had received it.

To my boundless surprise and relief, he burst out laughing, and in good English congratulated me upon my enterprise. "I don't blame you much," he said, "and for my part I'm glad that you did get in."

Then I felt more at my ease, and, taking a seat, I managed to get through the rest of the audience very creditably. The President talked on many things, and particularly on America. He asked me many questions, and I must have answered them in a way that was pleasing to him, for he remarked that Yankee boys seemed to be well informed on general affairs.

He was more interested in my trip than anything

else I told him, and thought the whole thing very remarkable. "I don't see what ever put it into your head," he said, just as any number of other people had said before him, and when I replied that I didn't know myself what put it there, he laughed heartily. "Well, American boys seem to get along some way," he said; "if there isn't a way, they make one." I thought it a very pretty compliment for all American boys, coming from so high a source.

M. Faure told me something of his boyhood and the story of his wonderful career. He told me how he had been a tanner-boy in Havre, working for wages that were barely sufficient for his support. Then he related how he had at last, through earnest endeavor, become a member of the firm, and finally sole proprietor. He educated himself by night study, and has always been an indefatigable student at all things. He speaks most modern languages, and is a very fine scholar all around. It was a wonderful story, and I thanked him for allowing me to hear it. It isn't often that a tanner-boy becomes the President of France, and such a good President as M. Faure has been.

I remained with him about twenty minutes, and perhaps I shouldn't have taken my departure then had not the footman announced a visitor for the President. It was that which hastened my departure, and

I was obliged to say good-bye rather hurriedly. The President laughed again at my adventure, asked me to call when in Paris, and wished me all possible success.

When I reached the courtyard I took the liberty of asking the use of one of the carriages there, for of course my cab was gone. It was freely given me, and I was driven to the Place de l'Opéra in a royal equipage. I didn't dare go to my lodgings, for fear the landlady would raise my rent when she witnessed my arrival in such style.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

MY interview with President Faure practically closed the series of wonderful adventures which had overtaken me in Paris, and I joyfully made preparations to leave for London. I had seen quite enough, I thought, of the wonders of Paris, and I knew I had seen enough of the Parisians themselves. I liked them less each day I remained in the city, until finally I was thoroughly disgusted with them all. Had I been rich I would have liked them better, but as it was, I was besieged for tips on every side when I had none to give. The tip system made me dislike Paris more than any other one thing, I think, for I simply wouldn't give them, and in consequence I was never served as are those who go around with their pockets full of change. I had determined not to give a tip in Europe, and I didn't.

I planned a very interesting trip on my way back to London. I would walk to Dieppe, on the Channel coast, through the grand old province of Brittany, where the cities are surrounded by walls, and where the people still wear the costumes of their grandfathers.

It was not such a very long trip, and as the weather was decidedly pleasant for November, I thought I would enjoy it very much. It would, of course, be economical, and that was something to be thought of. My stay in the gay capital city had eaten up nearly all I earned in the jewelry store, and as far as I could see I was very likely to arrive in London with little more than a shilling or two.

My tramp through Brittany was delightfully interesting. I did enjoy seeing the quaint costumes of the natives and exploring the byways of the quaint little villages I came to. The weather continued pleasant, and the air was cool and refreshing, so that I didn't mind walking. In Rouen I remained two whole days, and enjoyed that city as I had enjoyed no other in France. I wished that I had given myself more time to reach London, so that I might have remained in the charming old place some time.

At last I reached Dieppe, whence the boats leave for Newhaven, and at midnight I went aboard a long, side-wheel vessel, and felt that my continental experiences were over with. What a time I had been having, and how glad I was to be going back again to London, and then home, perhaps.

The vessel left the French shore about midnight, and I immediately became sea-sick, for the Channel was very

rough indeed. I lay on the deck that whole night long not caring whether we ever reached England or not. I soon found that Channel sea-sickness is much worse than the oceanic variety, and I suffered much more while it lasted. I was thankful that I was on a fast boat and that we would arrive at Newhaven at dawn.

When at last we did arrive in England, I determined to take a train to London, for I wasn't well at all and wanted to arrive as soon as possible. It was only a little more than an hour's ride, anyhow, and the fare was very low. At eight o'clock in the morning, then, the train pulled into Victoria Station in London, and I was back again in England, the land I had long since decided I loved better than any other in Europe.

For some time I had been debating in my mind what I had better do upon my arrival in the metropolis, and now that I stood outside Victoria Station I hadn't decided about it. I didn't know whether it would be best to go back to the little inn, where I had been treated kindly, or whether to rent a lodging and depend upon my newspaper articles for a living. I had an idea that I would be able to make quite a little money by writing, now that I had so much new material for articles, and if I did make a success of my literary work, I wouldn't have time to do all the chores at the inn. So it was that I deter-

mined to rent a modest lodging and depend upon my ability as a journalist for a living. It would be rather precarious, I had no doubt, but still I would be independent.

I was a different boy entirely in London from what I was in Paris. I had confidence in myself so long as I was where I could make myself 'understood, and not be cheated and imposed upon. Still, London was so very great and strange that I sometimes felt very small and weak in the midst of all its traffic, and a terrible fear would come over me that after all I might not be able to "get along."

I didn't know whether I was still the little adventurer who had arrived in London months before, or whether I was by this time great and capable of making some money. Would the editors buy what I wrote or not? Would they think that my continental adventures were marvelous, or would they call them commonplace and uninteresting and let them go? So much depended upon the editors that I was really afraid to go and see them.

I was not long in finding out how they would look upon me. I took some manuscript around to the offices in Fleet Street and found to my great delight that the editors readily accepted it, and were willing to pay me well for it, too. "You're a very plucky

fellow," they would say, "and we are glad to encourage you in any way we can." And I really believe they took my articles as much through kindness as anything else, though they said my adventures on the continent were wonderful.

I used to write about my interviews with potentates and monarchs, and my adventures of every kind. In a very short time I began to be talked about in London. People wondered who this "Yankee boy" could be, and I liked to think that they looked regularly for my articles in the "Westminster Gazette" and other papers.

And after a while the editors began to want something else besides stories of my adventures abroad, and I then began to write my impressions of London and the English. I criticized British boys in particular, and I made the articles so strong that letters arrived at the office asking the editor what he meant by printing such articles. But he only asked me for more, and I was willing to write as many as he wanted.

I said that British boys were not ambitious, and that if they were born lords and baronets all well and good, but if they were born fishmongers, why they were just as contented as though they were lords. I said, too, that they were content to remain in school too long, when they really ought to be out and earn-

ing a living. And English mothers wrote letters to the editor, wondering who this boy was who dared to give them advice about bringing up their children. But the editor only asked me to write something else in the same strain, and I kept it up till I left London.

So, after all, I did "get along." I had no difficulty in paying my room and board, and laid up enough money to pay my fare back to New York when the time came for me to go. I was getting along better than I had ever expected I would in London, and these days were happy ones for me. The prospect of spending Christmas at home made the whole future one bright period of happiness to me, for, after all my adventures and hardships, I had nothing but pleasure to look forward to.

There were still some things that I hadn't done in London. For instance, I hadn't called upon the Lord Mayor, and I had certainly intended to do that. I had heard about him and read about him as long as I could possibly remember, and I had him in my mind continually during my stay in London, yet I hadn't mustered up courage enough to call and see him.

I imagined that he must be a terrible man, for I knew he wore a fur robe and was King of London. I had heard that even the Queen couldn't enter the city without. he handed her a sword. And then Dick

Whittington had once been Lord Mayor, and he was certainly a great and wonderful man. And there had been so many other great persons connected with the office that I was really afraid to venture up to the grand old Mansion House.

That building always had an effect on me much the same as a haunted house would have. It was so big and so old. Great stone pillars lined its front, the windows were long and deep, and the whole structure was dark with age. I never saw any one enter it, either, though it stands in the most crowded square of London, and probably of all the world. I came very near going in on several occasions, but each time I changed my mind and decided to wait until another day.

Finally I determined to wait no longer, and walking boldly up the broad steps, to the astonishment of the people in the street, I opened the door and walked in. I found a great hall before me and a door marked with the Lord Mayor's name. I opened this and found myself in an ante-room. An officer came up to me, and I asked to see the secretary to his Lordship, telling him that it was very important. The secretary came out in a very few moments, and when he heard who I was he laughed, and said that he was quite sure that the Lord Mayor would see me. He left me



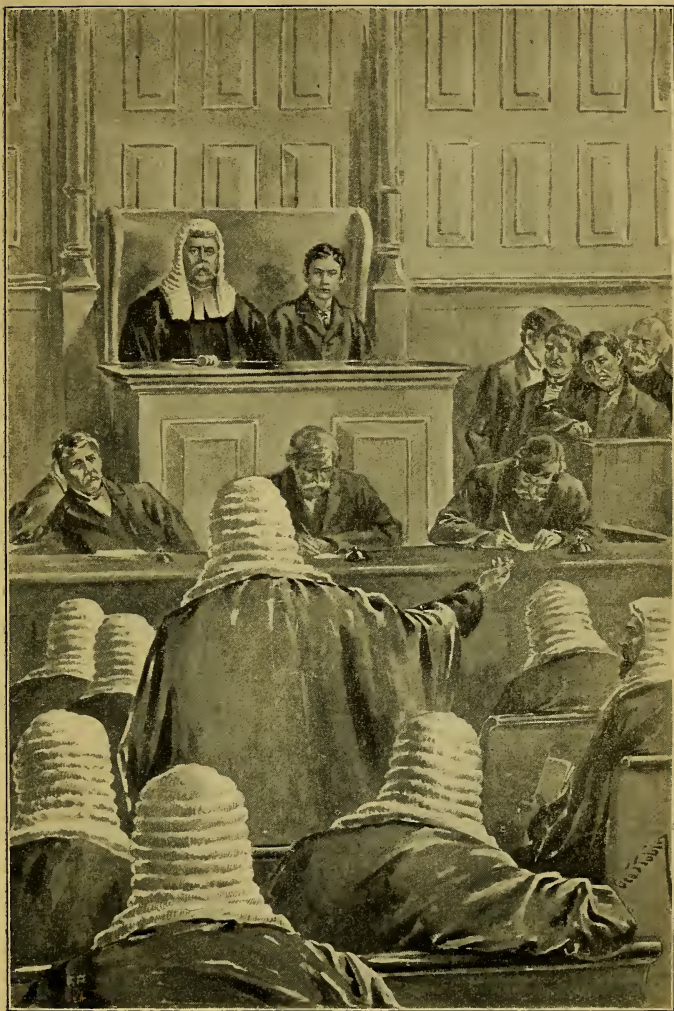
to ask him, and then brought back a favorable answer. "Come right away," he said, "for his Lordship has to go into court at ten o'clock, and there is only a short time left."

So I hurried into the Lord Mayor's office. He was wholly up to my expectations. He wore a long velvet robe, with numerous ornaments, and looked very austere indeed. When he spoke, though, I saw that he was a very pleasant man, and I felt at my ease immediately. He asked me to sit down, which I did, and we then talked for several minutes, I telling him about myself and my adventures and he telling me about his duties as Lord Mayor. It was a delightful time for me, and I enjoyed the conversation more than I can tell, for his Lordship was as boyish as he could be.

I asked him to allow me to see around the Mansion House, and he willingly consented. It was then time for him to enter the court room, where he presides almost every day, and I was just starting off with the footman when he sent after me. "The Lord Mayor says that you can come into the court when you have seen the Mansion," said the messenger. I could hardly believe my ears, for I knew what an honor it would be to sit with the Lord Mayor in court.

It didn't take us long to go over the Mansion, and I

was soon seated beside London's chief magistrate on the Bench. It was a proud moment for me, and I had a splendid time. Below me was the court, with the lawyers wearing wigs and the box full of prisoners. Beside me was the Lord Mayor of London, and I the only person with him on the Bench. The lawyers stared, and the prisoners stared, and I stared back at them. I think I was the proudest boy in London that day.



"BESIDE ME WAS THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON."

—Page 252.



## CHAPTER XXV.

I WAS almost ready to leave London when that time-honored exhibition called the " Lord Mayor's Show " took place, and I was very glad that I hadn't left before, for the " show " was certainly something that I wouldn't have liked to miss. Not that it could compare in any way with the circus parades our town enjoys every other year, for they are far superior to the Lord Mayor's Show in many ways, but it was so very strange, happening, as it did, in the very heart of modern, busy London. Nothing like it can be seen anywhere else on earth, and it is probable that it won't be seen in London much longer, for many people are heartily tired of it, or so they say. Other inhabitants of the metropolis, however, insist that it must never be done away with, for the reason that it is the most time-honored affair that the city can boast of, and if it goes London will have but little to remind her of the days gone by.

The celebration is the particular property of the coster-folk, who probably enjoy themselves more on Lord Mayor's Day than on any other day in the year,

and it is related that when one Lord Mayor was bold enough to discard the usual parade, these folk threw stones into his carriage, so that the next Mayor was glad enough to give the people their annual circus show.

On this Lord Mayor's Day the folks from the East End were early on the streets, having a good time in every imaginable way, often to the great disgust of some fat Briton going to his office in the banking district. There is very little business done on this day, however, for the leading business streets are traversed by the procession, and of course the thoroughfares are impassable on account of the crowd.

The 'arrys and Elizas were carrying on at a great rate when I arrived at the Guildhall about ten o'clock, and it was as much as one's life was worth to get in the crowd about the starting place. The costers were jostling each other, throwing confetti or bits of colored paper, and making every one around as uncomfortable as possible. They immediately took notice of my hair, and from that time on I was the butt of many of their stale English jokes, all of which I took good-naturedly. It wouldn't have been any use to take them otherwise, for every one was good-natured, and only having as good a time as they knew how.

I had a long wait for the procession, but when it ap-



peared I decided that it was worth waiting for. I laughed outright when I saw the fat footmen behind the queer old gilded carriages. They were dressed in wigs and knickerbockers, and looked as though they had stepped out from some of the old pictures in the National Gallery. The carriages were marvels, being great masses of silver and gilt, and drawn by team after team of handsome horses. They were the same ones which have been in use for almost centuries, and I almost imagined myself living in the time of Queen Elizabeth. There were a great many coaches, and a few floats on which were soldiers and marines. There was also a troop of the guards, which called forth more enthusiasm than any other feature of the parade.

On the whole, I thought the procession a silly thing, which was certainly vastly amusing to the children but of little interest to grown people. It was interesting to me because I had never seen it before, and now that I have seen it, I don't think I would care to see it again. It was very short, and after it had passed, the people from the East End turned in to have a general good time. The rest of London went back to work, as though nothing extraordinary had happened. They do take their holidays so quietly; I never could understand it.



The coster-folk went to Hempstead Heath, of course, though the air was damp and inclined to be foggy. There they jumped the rope, ate ice cream, and raced all over the common. They enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and I decided that if Lord Mayor's Day did nothing else than help them enjoy themselves, it was worth continuing for that purpose alone.

I wrote my opinion of the "Show" for one of the papers, and it appeared the next day. You may be sure it was not a complimentary one, for I said exactly what I thought. Next day I heard a man say that in his opinion that young Yankee ought to be stopped criticizing everything he saw, for what did he know about it, anyway? I smiled in my sleeve, and thought up another article on Englishmen.

Of course I didn't leave London without having seen a typical "pea-soup" fog. I wouldn't have felt satisfied had I done so, and I was glad when the entire last week of my stay in the metropolis turned out to be foggy. I was perhaps the only person in London who was glad to see the windows covered with steam morning after morning, and find that I couldn't see three feet ahead of me when I went out.

It was a great occasion for me, and I went out every morning just to see if I couldn't get around without

getting lost. I always ended up about a mile out of my way, though, or else I walked around in a circle and finally arrived again at my starting place. The whole air was one mass of gray smoke and mist, mostly smoke, I thought, for my eyes smarted constantly. On one day it was so dense that I couldn't see the gas lamps more than a few feet away, and I couldn't get to the city because the trams and buses were not running. Business was practically at a standstill, and those who ventured out carried lanterns or torches with them.

It was a strange experience for me, and I enjoyed it very much. I was lost nearly every day during the spell, and would have to ask a policeman to set me right again. There weren't many wagons in the streets or it would have been very dangerous to go out, since I wouldn't have been able to see them until they were upon me. As it was, there were many accidents, both in the streets and on the railways. I marveled that the trains were allowed to run at all, for the only signaling they could do was with torpedoes, and they weren't always to be depended upon.

This state of affairs lasted several days, and I was glad when it was over, though I had enjoyed the novel experience. The day I had decided to sail for home was fast approaching, though, and there were very many things that I had to do before it arrived. I

couldn't accomplish anything while the fog lasted, and if it had kept up I would have been obliged to leave without seeing any of my friends again.

During this last visit in London I was very fortunate in making many friends. I was given introductions to many prominent folks who were very interesting and very helpful. Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the "Review of Reviews" in England, was particularly kind, and did all he could to help me in every way. He asked me to his house, and gave me introductions to other people whom he thought could help me, and I had a very delightful time.

I was fortunate in meeting some of the literary men of the metropolis, too, and received very much encouragement from them. They one and all advised me to keep forging ahead as I had started out and I would be sure to succeed. They gave me good advice and letters to friends of theirs in New York, so that their acquaintance was very valuable to me.

I also met some of the theatrical people, and was fortunate in obtaining seats to visit all the theaters. The papers had talked so much about me that I had become fairly well known, and I had only to ask for a seat when it would be sent me. In that way I was enabled to see some of the finest productions in the world, and some of the greatest actors, too. So I had

a very good time during my last days in London-town.

I had decided upon the twenty-seventh of November as the date upon which to sail for New York, and I had selected the very fastest steamer I could get. It was the famous "St. Paul," and you can guess that I purchased a first-class ticket. My feelings as I did so may be imagined. I had been too poor to afford even a steerage ticket on the journey over, and now I was able to travel first-class. It showed, for one thing, that my trip had been successful, and I was thankful. It was good to be able to go back better than I had come, and I felt that my hardships were beginning to be rewarded; that they had not been borne in vain.

I could hardly contain myself as the eventful day drew near. I could think of nothing but America and home. I know I must have bored my friends unmercifully with tales of the incomparable loveliness of my dear country. I told them that no land could compare with it, and my enthusiasm was of an entirely different quality from that of seven months before, when I thought that there could be no place like Europe.

There were but few preparations that I had to make for my departure. I bought myself some clothes

at ridiculously low prices that are unheard of here. I wanted to have an entirely new outfit, and since I was now able to afford it I saw no reason why I shouldn't gratify my desire. And of course I had many calls to make.

I went around to see all the editors who were so good to me, and received their good wishes for my future. They all congratulated me upon the success of my trip, and each one gave me advice about my future, and what I must and must not do. They took a really flattering interest in my career, and I promised to keep them informed as to my progress along the rough road of journalistic success.

Then I had to go to dinner with some of my friends, and, last of all, I took a farewell tour of dear old London. I went to Westminster Abbey, to which I had become marvelously attached, and sat for an hour, wishing all the time that it could be moved to Chicago.

Then I went to the Tower of London, where I took a last look at the historic prisons, and again to the Mansion House to tell the Lord Mayor good-bye. He promised to send me his picture, and sure enough he did, and it was a fine large one, too. He was one of the most earnest in his good wishes, and I will always remember him with pleasant thoughts. Then

I visited the Strand and Fleet street for the very last time, and old St. Paul's as well.

And when I had seen everything, and had packed my trunk, for I had been obliged to buy one, I felt that I was good and ready to go home.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

A SPECIAL train, bearing the passengers going to New York on the great steamer, left Waterloo Station in London early on the morning of the twenty-seventh of November. I was up early in my lodgings, doing the last little necessary things that had to be done before taking the train.

I was both joyful and sad. I was happy to be on the verge of leaving for home, and yet, as I looked out and saw the old, familiar fog, I almost wished that I might live in London forever. I did not know my love for the city until I prepared to leave it, and I longed with all my heart to have my home in the great metropolis, with its fogs and dirt and traffic, which were all delightful in London, when they would have been abominable anywhere else.

I sadly put my little hand luggage in my satchel and set out for the station. As I walked along I felt that I was about to take leave of an old friend, and I felt very down-hearted and miserable for awhile.

But when I arrived at the station and took my place in the train with the other passengers, my sudden at-



tack of melancholy passed away, and I was all eagerness to be off for Southampton. The train left on time, and we were whirled southward through the hills and valleys of lovely England to the city by the sea, where the steamer was awaiting us with great clouds of smoke issuing from her funnels and all steam up, ready to start at any moment.

The passengers swarmed about the pier for a few minutes attending to their baggage, and then every one was ordered to get aboard, as the hour for sailing had come. Then the women kissed each other and sobbed loudly, and the men shook hands, some of them with tears in their eyes.

I had not realized before what a momentous event it was to sail away across the sea, and I was glad that mother wasn't there to cry for me. As it was, I stood on deck and watched the partings on the pier below, and I was truly glad when they were all over and every one was aboard.

Then they waved their handkerchiefs and talked back and forth for some time, until finally the vessel gave a great screech and went out into midstream. And as she moved slowly and majestically down the great river, I could see the tearful faces of those who were left behind and hear the sobs of those who were leaving them. It was a joyful time for me, but I fully

sympathized with those who were leaving home and friends instead of going to them.

Late in the afternoon of that important day we lost sight of land entirely, and I felt that I was well on the way to New York. I retired to my state-room, and as the waves grew higher and higher I became more and more sick, and finally collapsed entirely. Oh, how glad I was that I didn't have to slave away in a hot, stuffy pantry, washing dishes and making coffee that nobody liked. I looked back on the voyage over as a horrible nightmare, though I didn't think it so very bad at the time.

There was but little that was interesting on that voyage to New York. I went through the same dull routine day after day, just eating and sleeping and being sea-sick every other day. I talked with the passengers when I was able to be on deck, and they were vastly interested in the story of my adventures. They wanted to arrange a meeting in the saloon at which I was to give an account in detail, but I didn't feel equal to the task when the night came round.

I was indeed sea-sick most of the time. The doctor came and gave me some powders and pills that didn't help me in the least, and the stewards poured beef tea down my throat continually, but I'm sure I would have been better much sooner if they had

let me alone. The stuff they gave me only made me worse.

I found much to interest me among the steerage passengers in the hold, and really enjoyed talking to them more than to the cabin people. They knew any number of good stories, had traveled almost everywhere, and were as a rule very nice men and women. They got along very well, and their fare was as good as the majority of people get on land. They complained that there was a predominance of that mysterious concoction called Irish stew, but one day they all refused to eat it, and the stewards fixed up something else after that.

The sixth day of the voyage was the most interesting of the lot. I was at the rail all day long looking for a sight of land, though the officers said we couldn't possibly reach New York before night. They were right, of course, for the morning and afternoon went by without any indication that we were near shore. I then remained on deck after dinner, determined to see the shore lights, anyhow.

It was about ten o'clock when we came in sight of Sandy Hook lighthouse, and I could have screamed for joy. I was simply wild as the vessel steamed up into the lower harbor and anchored there for the night. We had all hoped to land before morning, but

were content so long as we were in sight of land, anyhow.

I, for one, didn't sleep much that night, and was on deck at three o'clock in the morning, waiting for the dawn that I might see the shore. It was a long, dreary wait, for the sun is lazy about getting up in December, but, finally, little by little, I could see the buildings on the shore of Long Island.

Early the next morning the vessel moved up the bay to her pier, and I was soon standing on American soil once more. My heart gave a great bound as I ran down the gangway and onto the pier, and I breathed a prayer of thanks that I was safe in my own dear land.

It was some time before my baggage was passed by the customs officers, and then I went at once to the same little hotel where I had stopped before sailing for London on the cattle-ship. The people there welcomed me back with great rejoicing, for they had known what I was going for and all about the trip. They soon gave me welcome news of the articles I had sent over from the other side. They had appeared in the paper, and therefore I would be paid for them in due time. This was good news to me, for I had feared that they wouldn't want to have anything more to do with me.

As soon as I was settled in my room, I went out into the street, where everything looked very new and strange to me. I might have never been in New York before to judge by my feelings, for I found myself looking with curiosity at the elevated railroads and the cable cars.

When I went into Broadway and saw the tall buildings I was really surprised, and the whole thing was very ludicrous. It had been so long since I had seen anything American, and so much had transpired to make me forget New York while I was away, that everything was new and interesting.

One of the very first things I did was to buy some bananas from a man in the street. I hadn't had any since leaving New York, for though they had them in London and Paris, they charged such exorbitant prices for them that I never felt that I could afford to buy any. And how I did enjoy these that were good and fresh. Then I went and bought some ice-cream soda, for I hadn't tasted any of that either since my departure so long before. I drank several glasses during the day, for I had been so fond of it that while unable to get any my appetite seemed to have accumulated.

As soon as my appetite for bananas and ice-cream soda had been satisfied, I decided to visit the news-

paper offices. I need not say that I received a better reception than on my first visit to New York, and I had a thoroughly good time. Of course the afternoon papers had accounts of my arrival and mention of my remarkable experiences while abroad, so that I seemed to have everything needful to make me happy.

One of the very first things I asked the editors was why they hadn't sent me any money for the articles I mailed them. "Why," was the astonishing reply, "we thought it would be much more interesting for you to be without any money except what you made yourself, and we supposed that you would just as soon have it upon your return." I smiled rather feebly. "Well, it was interesting," I said, "but rather unpleasant sometimes;" and I thought of those days in Paris. It was all over now, though, and I wasn't likely to be so short of money soon again.

I was commissioned by one of the editors to write a whole page giving an outline of my experiences for his Sunday paper, and this I did. It appeared in the Christmas number, and I couldn't help feeling proud that where I had once been given columns to write I was now told to hand in pages. It was one sign out of many that I had succeeded in doing what I set out to do. It was pleasing to my friends, too, this page

of my experiences, and I sent some copies off to England on the next steamer.

I did not think of leaving New York for the West before I had made arrangements for a permanent position with one of the great papers after the holidays, and I really had no difficulty in getting a place. My success seemed to have made a place for me most anywhere, and everywhere I went I was congratulated on my achievement.

It was all very delightful and pleasant, but even though I was having as good a time as I could wish in the metropolis, I was anxious to be off for Illinois, where I knew the best of friends were awaiting me with impatience. There was one friend there who had watched my progress with an interest amounting almost to mania, a friend whose prayers had helped me on. And I was anxious to go to her.

Though I made some money during my short sojourn in New York, I did not have so much that I could afford to spend any more than was necessary. So when I was talking one day with the President of one of the great railroads between New York and Chicago, and he seemed so very much interested in the story of my trip, I suggested that I would like to get home as soon as possible. Always thoughtful and kindly, he immediately wrote me out a return



ticket, and told me to waste no time in going home. I could hardly thank him enough for this favor that meant so much to me, but he only said that he understood my feelings and was glad to be of any aid at all to me.

And this seemed to be the one thing needed to complete my happiness. I made rapid preparations to leave for the West, because Christmas was only four days off, and I must be home then by all means.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

As the limited on the New York Central sped Westward towards Chicago and Mattoon, I thought over all the events of my trip. I remembered the first disappointing days when I was in New York trying to get a chance to work my passage, and when I had to bear so many unkind words without a murmur. I thought of the twelve long days spent in washing dishes on the cattle-ship, and wondered if the first officer had ever wished himself able to punish me for running off that day when the ship lay in the Thames off London.

Then there were the first joyful days in the British metropolis, when everything had seemed so bright and happy, and the following days when I began to realize the immense undertaking that I had upon my shoulders. I remembered dear Mr. Gladstone as though it had been but yesterday that I talked with him at Hawarden, and when I read in the New York morning paper that he was failing rapidly a great lump came into my throat, for I had learned to think of him

with the kindest feelings possible. For he was one of the very first to make my trip a success.

I saw in my mind, as we passed along over the snow-covered fields of the Empire State, the Queen as she looked when I saw her at Windsor, and remembered how she had been so very solicitous of my future. "Really, I must write and say that I have arrived," I murmured to myself, "for she might be interested in knowing." I thought of my journeys in Belgium, Holland and Germany, how I had seen old King Leopold, and how I had moved in high society at Homburg. It was all so interesting to remember that I scarcely noticed the passage of time, anxious as I was to reach Chicago.

When I came to thinking of that day when I was lost in the high Alps I shuddered as I looked out over the fields of snow, and was thankful that I wasn't in the Alps then. And when I remembered that pitiful journey through Eastern France, when I hadn't a friend in the world, I thought, it did me good to think of the friends who had welcomed me in New York and were waiting to welcome me at home.

So, as I thought the whole thing over, mile by mile, I said to myself that though I was glad that it was all over, I was more thankful that I had been through it all. I thought of all the great men and women I had been privileged to meet, of the vast

knowledge I had gained of men and things, and I knew instinctively that I was a much better and a wiser boy for all that I had passed through.

There were unpleasant times, of course, but the pleasant ones, the moments of exquisite triumph, far outweighed the times when I wished myself back in Chicago. I had found out my capabilities and my limitations as well, and I was ready to keep on advancing, for now I knew where I was going and just how far I could go without giving out.

In fact, I decided then, and I have since seen no reason to say differently, that there can be no reckoning of the advantages I gained on my pilgrimage to Europe. I could think of no disadvantages at all, and I was certainly better off in a hundred ways than when I started out.

I took out my note-book to figure out the exact amount of money I had spent while I was gone. I had left New York with twenty-five dollars, and had earned about thirty in London, so that I spent fifty-five dollars during the time from the day I left New York until I arrived in London for the second time. Of course I had earned a little while on the Continent, not more than fifteen dollars in all, and that would raise the amount to seventy dollars.

I had spent, then, during my tour of Europe, just

seventy dollars, for I didn't think it fair to count my second stay in London or my voyage home, which would of course have added considerably to the cost.

It was just about five months since I arrived in London when I returned, so that in five months I spent about seventy dollars, which is at the rate of about forty-seven cents a day, including carfare and all expenses of every kind. It was much less, of course, while I was on the Continent, for there I had to economize more than in London. In Paris I spent quite a little in a very few days, and that is what makes the rate per day so much more than twenty-five cents, which was what I tried to keep it at in Belgium and Germany.

I figured that the whole trip, from Chicago and back again, had cost me but a very little more than a hundred dollars, for I had hardly any expense during my second stay in New York and London. And I was myself astonished at the lowness of the figures, for though I knew I had been very economical at times, I supposed that the general average would be higher.

Finally, very early in the morning, the train pulled into Chicago, and after consulting the time-table, I decided that I would have time to see Mr. Kirk over at my old office before leaving at eight o'clock for Mattoon. I had planned to stay in Chicago a day at

least, but mother was anxious to have me home, and a day was a very great difference to her.

So I left my satchel at the station and made my way through the familiar streets to the office where I had spent so many happy days. I opened the door and noiselessly entered the room. There was my good, true friend, seated at his desk, with his back towards me. I walked on my tip-toes and stood just behind him. Then I called him.

It was worth a great deal to see the expression on his face, for he had no idea that I would be coming. He was truly glad to see me back, and I spent a happy half hour telling him of the people I had seen and how I had worn the suit he gave me all over Europe.

I took the train at eight o'clock for Mattoon, and as we whizzed past the fields I was thinking of nothing but home. I had my face pressed to the window, and as we neared the town I noted each familiar farmhouse, each barn and shed. It had been a year since I had last seen them, but everything looked just the same; things don't change fast in the country.

My heart beat faster and faster as the train pulled up to the station platform, and I felt actually weak and faint. I went to the door and saw a crowd there to meet me. All the neighbors and some of my school-time friends were there, but though I was glad

to see them, I looked for dearer faces and found them. My father and sister were there, but I looked in vain for mother. "Where is she?" I asked, first thing, and they explained that she had remained at home to welcome me there.

I waited to hear no more, but tearing myself away from the crowd, I ran up the street as hard as I could go, reached the old house, was through the gate, and then mother's arms were about my neck. I was truly home at last, and no one can know the joy of that moment.

Every one can imagine the tears, the smiles, the talking that followed, and the old home full of happiness. They told me that a reception had been arranged for me at the church that night, and it was to be public, so that every one could see me. I seemed to be looked upon as a curiosity.

When the evening came the church was filled with all my friends, or at least the ones for whom I cared the most. They gave me a delightful reception, and I mounted the platform to tell them of my adventures. They seemed to enjoy the story immensely, and it was a happy time for every one.

Of the days that followed I need not speak. That they were filled with happiness goes without saying, and I was the most happy one of all, unless mother



was more so. She triumphed in my success, and when I told her that it was her mother's prayers that had carried me through, her eyes filled with tears of joy, and she said that she was never so happy in her life.

And so my trip was over. I spent the holidays at home, happy to be once more with those who loved me. It was so good not to worry about where I was to get my next meal, or to scrimp because I had spent a few cents more than my daily allowance. I sat in the kitchen with mother and talked when I wasn't telling a room full of callers about the time I saw the Queen. I enjoyed myself thoroughly, more than at any moment in Europe.

One day I read my journals through. I had kept them carefully, and had written down almost every feeling that took possession of me during my tour. I could tell by looking at them when I had been homesick, and when I'd been hungry, when I was happy, and when I was sad. And, as I read it all, I decided that I wouldn't care to undertake it all again, for I might not be so fortunate.

Some guardian angel seemed to have watched over me all the time I was gone, and I wouldn't advise any boy to try it who isn't sure that some angel will guard him. And as it is hard to tell about such things, it

would be risky for any one to attempt the same trip under the same circumstances.

At the end of the holidays I returned to New York and took my place on the paper. Mother was almost as sorrowful at this departure as she was when I went to Europe, for she had hoped to have me remain at home. My ambition, however, wasn't satisfied, and I felt it my duty to work in New York.

A month had scarcely passed when I was called home. Mother was dying, and I was just in time to receive her last words. The one who was responsible for most of my success left me just when my success was greatest. Her prayers had been answered and her work was done.



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